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LIVES OF ERATO AND SPICA

THE SOUL'S GROWTH THROUGH REINCARNATION

LIVES OF ERATO AND SPICA

BY

C. W. LEADBEATER

EDITED BY

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CONTENTS

I. LIVES OF ERATO

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Introduction by C. Jinarajadasa | 7 |
| Biography of John Varley (Erato) | 10 |
| Names given to the Characters by C. W. Lead- beater | 13 |
| Root Races of Mankind | 15 |
| The Varley Family | 16 |
| Foreword by John Varley | 17 |
| List of Lives | 19 |
| Life I Chaldea | 19 |
| Life II Arabia | 25 |
| Life III Poseidonis | 29 |
| Life IV Esquimaux | 33 |
| Life V N. America | 36 |
| Life VI Peru | 40 |
| Life VII China | 46 |
| Life VIII N. Atlantis | 47 |
| Review of Erato's Lives I—VIII by C. W. Lead- beater | 51 |
| Life IX Etruria | 54 |
| Life X Japan | 55 |
| Life XI Egypt | 57 |
| Statuette of the Scribe | 64 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Life XII India | 66 |
| Life XIII Arabia | 76 |
| Life XIV Persia | 83 |
| Life XV Greece | 86 |
| Note on Life XV by C. W. Leadbeater | 91 |
| List of some of the works of Agathocles, called Kalamis | 92 |
| Notes by C. Jinarajadasa and C. W. Leadbeater. | 96 |
| Life XVI Bavaria | 98 |

II. LIVES OF SPICA

| | |
|--|-----|
| The Life of Francesca Arundale by C. Jinarajadasa. | 103 |
| List of Lives | 113 |
| Life I Mexico | 113 |
| Life II Peru | 118 |
| Life III China | 126 |
| Lives IV-VI not recorded | 128 |
| Life VII India | 129 |
| Life VIII not recorded | 130 |
| Life IX India | 131 |
| Life X not recorded | 134 |
| Life XI Egypt | 135 |
| Life XII Persia | 139 |
| Life XIII not recorded | 143 |
| Life XIV England | 144 |
| Life XV India | 145 |
| A Dream of Past Lives by F. Arundale | 146 |

INTRODUCTION

BY C. JINARAJADASA

AFTER one has accepted the idea of Reincarnation, that the soul returns again and again to earth, the question inevitably arises: "What is the end of it all?" Answers have been given by the Eastern philosophers, as also by Plato, all of whom postulate Reincarnation as a necessary part of the soul's existence. Their answer is Liberation, or a final freedom from rebirths. In the record given of the reincarnations of various souls in these series of "Lives," a different indication is given as to the purpose of Reincarnation.

This purpose can be dimly seen as we read these lives of Erato.¹ We note in the case of this soul that wherever there is an opportunity he is drawn to art. But what is noteworthy is that he does not devote himself exclusively to one manifestation of art but to several. In the life just over as John Varley he was a landscape painter; but in the brief one preceding, he was an etcher and engraver; in

¹ Erato, the name of one of the nine Muses, is used to designate the hero whose reincarnations are here narrated.

Athens he was a sculptor. In Ancient Egypt he was once an architect. In Peru as a girl Erato takes eagerly to painting. In a life in Japan as a woman, we find Erato's artistic tendency manifesting itself in the painting of kakemonos. In a life in Etruria, where civilisation was backward, the artistic tendency is cramped, and can express itself only in the combination of colours in the weaving of cloths and carpets.

The Theosophical answer to the question : " What is the meaning of Reincarnation ? " is that each soul has, as his purpose in existence, to give a noble contribution of work to the fulfilment of the Great Plan. The purpose of existence is not postulated as any kind of a Nirvana which brings the final consummation described in the phrase, " the dew drop slips into the shining sea." On the other hand, Salvation or Liberation is certainly postulated in Theosophy, as the union of the soul's consciousness with that of the Divine ; but at the same time, the wonder and beauty of that union is to be continually manifested in noble creations for the helping of the backward souls, who are to be found in every part of the Universal Scheme—backward only because they are young souls just entering on their career to Deification.

Suppose we postulate that Erato's role in some future life is to be the Director of Art of a whole

kingdom, inspiring its millions to realise through artistic creation the powers of Divinity within them, then we see how, in order to play that role efficiently, Erato is being trained throughout his many lives to be an artist not in one department of art only but in many.

This conception gives the clue which leads us to an understanding of the purpose of Reincarnation. The objective of the process is seen clearer in the lives of Erato and Alcione than in the other series of Lives.

There are four lines of Tennyson which suggest the meaning of life as seen in the light of Reincarnation :

*Act first, this Earth, a stage so gloom'd with woe,
You all but sicken at the shifting scenes.
And yet be patient. Our Playwright may show
In some fifth Act what this wild Drama means.*

It is the Fifth Act which is revealed to our gaze as we read the successive lives of any character.

BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN VARLEY (ERATO)

JOHN VARLEY (born 1850, died 1933) was an English painter. His paintings were chiefly landscapes in water colour and oil, and sometimes in pastel. His father, Albert Fleetwood Varley, was also an artist but of lesser note. It was however the grandfather John Varley (1778-1842) who is the best known of the family, as he was one of the founders of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. This John Varley (senior) was a friend of William Blake and was well-known in the literary circles of the time. He is also known for his contributions to Astrology.

John Varley (junior), born in an artistic environment, was a great traveller, painting first in France, Spain, Greece, Asia Minor and Egypt, and in later years in China, Japan, India, Ceylon, Italy, Sicily, Switzerland and Morocco. He was an excellent linguist, fluent in Arabic, but speaking also Japanese, Spanish, Turkish, Greek, Italian, and French. In 1876 he met, at Julian's Studio in Paris, his wife Isabella Pollexfen, daughter of William Pollexfen,

J.P., of Sligo, Ireland, herself an artist of considerable talent, who before her marriage exhibited portraits at the Royal Academy. Mrs. Varley was the aunt of W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet.

John Varley's knowledge of sailing craft enabled him to depict sailing vessels with remarkable accuracy and charm. When quite young, about twenty-four years old, he built a yacht at Gravesend and took it out to Egypt and up the Nile, where he remained some two years painting, at times living in rock-hewn tombs and so acquiring his exceptional knowledge of Arabic.

Both Mr. John Varley and Mrs. Isabella Varely were early drawn to Theosophy, and were of the Inner Circle who gathered round Madame Blavatsky in London in 1883-4. They are among the first group of Theosophists who offered themselves to be disciples of the Masters, and their signatures appear in the unique document on the matter which bears the handwritings and initials of the two Masters M. and K.H.

Both C. W. Leadbeater and myself were intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Varley, and knew also their two daughters, Cecilia and Ida. Mr. Varley had a considerable knowledge of books and was a constant reader. He had a general knowledge of astrology, and was also a Freemason.

As regards John Varley's skill and talent as a water-colour painter, it is generally agreed that he

had remarkable success in his rendering of atmosphere in his skies and sunsets, shipping and grouping of figures. His work was essentially and fundamentally sincere and truthful, and this was his striking characteristic ; much poetic feeling was also embodied in his pictures which are now in all parts of the world—America, Australia, in various Art Galleries in the Colonies, and throughout Great Britain and in South Kensington Museum. Queen Victoria, Princess Louise, King George V, Queen Mary, the Duke of Connaught, the Empress of Japan and many others have examples of his work.

NAMES GIVEN TO THE CHARACTERS

BY C. W. LEADBEATER

AS a history cannot be written without names, and as reincarnation is a fact—and therefore the re-appearance of the same individual throughout succeeding ages is also a fact, the ego playing many parts under many names—we have given names to many individuals by which they may be recognised throughout the dramas in which they take part. “Irving” is the same Irving to us, as Macbeth, Richard III, Shylock, Charles I, Faust, Romeo, Matthias; and in any story of his life as actor he is spoken of as “Irving,” whatever part he is playing; his continuing individuality is recognised throughout. So a human being, in the long story in which lives are days, plays hundreds of parts, but is himself throughout—be he man or woman, peasant, prince, or priest.

To this “himself” or ego we have given a distinguishing name, so that he may be recognized under all the disguises put on to suit the part he is playing. These are mostly names of constellations,

stars or Greek heroes ¹. For instance, we have given to Julius Caesar the name of Corona ; to Plato that of Pallas ; to Lao-Tze that of Lyra ; in this way we can see how different are the lines of evolution, the previous lives which produce a Cæsar and a Plato. It gives to the story a human interest, and teaches the student of reincarnation. (*The Lives of Alcyone*)

¹ This was the original plan in 1907 : but later, as the number of characters recognised increased (252 in the "Lives"), new names of a different kind had to be invented.

ROOT RACES OF MANKIND

Third Root Race : “ Lemurian.”

Representatives of its fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh sub-races are such Negro, Negrito and Negrillo peoples as do not have any admixture of the blood of any higher Root Race.

Fourth Root Race : “ Atlantean.”

Its sub-races are :

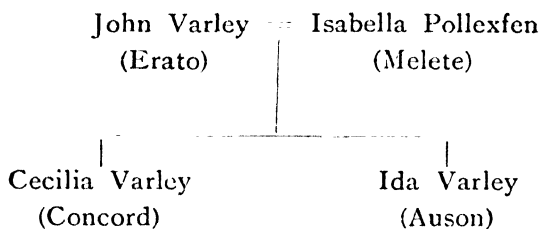
1. Rmoahal
2. Tlavatli
3. Toltec
4. Old Turanian
5. Original Semite
6. Akkadian
7. Mongolian

Fifth Root Race : “ Aryan.”

Its sub-races are :

1. Hindu—Egyptian
2. Aryan Semite
3. Iranian
4. Celtic
5. Teutonic
6. Australian—American
7. Future Latin-American

THE VARLEY FAMILY



FOREWORD

BY JOHN VARLEY

DURING a conversation with L.¹ who was passing the evening with me, I alluded to a remark made by a certain person that L. had become acquainted with some facts connected with my history in times long past, and I asked him if he would give me any further particulars or information on the subject. He kindly consented, giving me a sketch of several lives, full of detail and throwing in bits of information as to surroundings, architecture, climates, metals, manufactures, textile fabrics, glass and earthenware, utensils, furniture, customs, social life, religious worship and ideas, ceremonies, funeral rites, and on many other subjects which came before his view in connection with the various periods at which I was living here on earth. I write this account on Monday morning, May 14th² hoping to be able to fix as many details as possible while yet they are fresh in my memory. I have been careful

¹ C. W. Leadbeater.

² 1894.

to add nothing to L.'s relation, and I use as much as possible and as far as I can remember the words and phrases he employed.¹

[*Note by C. Jinarajadasa.* Mr. Varley omits to mention, what I recall well, as I was a listener, how the investigation began. During a walk, a few weeks before, he mentioned how the night before he had had a very vivid dream which was, that he was on the top of some building, open to the sky; that he was dressed in strange robes; and that he held in his hand a rod or stick with which he drew on the floor 4, the sign for Jupiter; and that then he pointed the stick at the sky; and that the dream was most vivid. He then asked Mr. Leadbeater: "What kind of an astral experience could it have been?" The answer was: "Well I don't know. I will look up your dream." None of us thought at the time of Reincarnation, but only that it was an astral experience distorted in recollection. On "looking up," the dream was found to be a picture flashed on to the "astral light" of an incident of a previous incarnation. This gave Mr. Leadbeater a point of departure whence to commence his investigations.]

¹ I was present when every one of these lives of Erato was "looked up" by C. W. Leadbeater.—C.J.

ERATO-LAST 17 LIVES

AVERAGE LIFE ON EARTH $55\frac{1}{2}$ YEARS

AVERAGE PERIOD BETWEEN INCARNATIONS 1264 YRS.

| DATE OF BIRTH | PLACE OF BIRTH | RACE & SUBRACE | SEX | LENGTH OF LIFE | PERIOD BETWEEN INCARNATION |
|---------------|----------------|----------------|--------|----------------|----------------------------|
| B.C. 19,245 | CHALDEA | IV. 6 | MALE | 76 | 2022 |
| 17,147 | EGYPT | " 5 | " | 72 | 1787 |
| 15,288 | POSEIDONIS | " 3 | " | 44 | 498 |
| 14,746 | ESKIMO | " 1 | FEMALE | 55 | 653 |
| 14,038 | N. AMERICA | " 2 | " | 62 | 1187 |
| 12,089 | PERU | " 3 | " | 85 | 2367 |
| 9,637 | CHINA | " 4 | " | 12 | 22 |
| 9,603 | N. ATLANTIS | " 5 | " | 39 | 995 |
| 8,569 | ETRURIA | " 6 | " | 59 | 1053 |
| 7,457 | JAPAN | " 7 | " | 65 | 1513 |
| 5,879 | EGYPT | V. 1 | MALE | 75 | 1772 |
| 4,032 | INDIA | " 1 | " | 45 | 1829 |
| 2,158 | ARABIA | " 2 | " | 68 | 1517 |
| 573 | PERSIA | " 3 | " | 12 | 41 |
| 520 | ATHENS | " 4 | " | 71 | 1952 |
| A.D. 1,503 | GERMANY | " 5 | " | 19 | 328 |
| 1,850 | ENGLAND | " 5 | " | 83 | |

An average life of $55\frac{1}{2}$ years.

An average of 1264 years between incarnations.

LIFE I

CHALDEA. MALE. 19245—19169 B.C. AGE 76

HE said : Looking back to the period you mention, I see you on the roof of a temple ; you lift your hands in invocation to the spirits of the heavenly host and are especially devoted to the worship of some of the intelligences or powers that are connected with and preside over or direct them. The religion is a pure and elevated one containing broad and great ideas, pantheistic to some extent, acknowledging one supreme and many inferior powers, elaborate and ornamental in ritual and based upon considerable scientific knowledge. The sacrifices consist of offerings of flowers principally.

You appear as a man, dark, tall and bronze in colour with dark flashing eyes, which are by the way a feature of the nation and period, a large aquiline nose and black full beard. You are possessed of considerable scientific knowledge and have accurate ideas regarding astronomy, and the motions of the earth, stars and planets. You have a large number of instruments of apparently rather clumsy make, but which enable you to arrive at correct results, your observations being principally directed to ascertaining right ascensions and longitudes, etc.,

of heavenly bodies, and noting the exact time when they occupied some particular position, the whole being directly connected with religious rites and ceremonies. Amongst the instruments employed I see a metal semicircle over which a bar moves and which is carefully divided into degrees, with an eye-piece attached and which works well enough for the purpose required. A waterclock is there also on a curious system in which the filling and sinking of a cup plays a part ; the refilling system is ingenious.

You are a devout man, believing perfectly in your religion, have powers of concentration, and are capable of watching, praying and fasting for a day and a night together. You bear a long rod which you point at a star and then write its signature (which is somewhat in the form of a curved number four 4) with the end of the rod on the white pavement of the temple roof. The writing is luminous and produced by a substance at the end of the rod of bituminous character having the effect of but not composed of phosphorus.

You also cause a flame of a lovely crimson colour to burn upon the altar, the colour being connected with the ritual belonging to the evocation of some particular star. You have the power of making this flame rise or fall by the motion of your rod, and in fact seem to know a good deal connected with such powers over natural objects. You eventually

become a high priest or archimandrite and are a real magus. Your ceremonial vestments are gorgeous and remarkable—a sort of triple tiara of white metal on the head, a robe of most curious texture seemingly metallic, white but taking various colours such as blue and red in different lights somewhat like shot silk. (Here I asked whether it could be a mixture of spun glass with silk? Possibly, said L., but that we had hardly time to deeply inquire into the matter just now.)

You address from platforms and temple steps enormous crowds of worshippers, a devout, quiet, pleasant people not warlike, but able to fight well on occasions. Their fighting men are good, ranged in companies; the ones I see are armed with spears and their regiment carries a standard of yellow metal shaped like the lyre, fixed on a pole or staff. You read to the assembled people from sets of silver tablets on which are finely engraved heiroglyphics, the language and writing somewhat like that on Central American monuments. The verses contain good moral sentiments and teaching. (*Note.* I note here that L. does not mention idols of any kind.) These silver tablets are bound together by a thong, are very old, the silver being discoloured, and are held in the very greatest reverence (possibly Atlantean).

You live in a house attached to the temple, with heavy porticoes supported by very thick pillars,

brick-plastered. Here you have a garden with trees, and many flowers of which you are very fond, and train up against a wall a kind of rose which when in flower forms a curious pattern against it. There are also some beautiful white flowers. (Here I asked what food I was in the habit of eating; L. replied :) I see you being served with several small dishes, one of which contains flesh of a light colour, perhaps goat or something of the kind; you have a knife but no fork, and eat a stew of something resembling maize, not the one we are acquainted with (it is a primitive and small sort of maize) scooping it up with bits of crisp flat cake or biscuit. You drink from a highly ornamented glass vessel decorated with colours something like the Venetian, and which contains a sort of sweet sherbet into the composition of which the sugarcane and a small sweet yellow fruit enters. (*Note.* Possibly the small yellow date which is full of saccharine matter and still used for the purpose in the East.)

In the earlier part of your life you seem to be decorating the wall of a building with mosaics representing in beautifully bright colours hunting scenes; this work surpasses any I have seen in the British Museum of the same character. The mosaic is of small pieces of glazed tile, a brilliant green and a gamboge yellow being conspicuous. The people are red brown in colour with black beards which are

conventionally treated ; they are throwing spears at antelopes or some such animals. The sky is formed by small bits of blue tile of a slightly greenish hue, and the whole brilliant, decorative and lifelike. You have a heap of small bits of tile by you when you work.

You have married at sometime of life, perhaps before taking the higher office in the priesthood, and have a son who is among the neophytes of the temple. The country in which this scene is laid is one of vast flat alluvial plains, a river runs winding about, and far to the north are mountains, and very far beyond is a sea. Your temple and residence are a short distance from a very large town, built principally of brick with immensely high and thick walls, on which people walk about. Rising conspicuously about it is a great temple built in storeys and with platforms: the various storeys seem to have been in different colours, but the colours are not very distinguishable or fresh ; part is covered with metals of some sort ; metals such as copper-brass of a kind and gun metal were used in decoration, etc., generally. The town is not on a river (in answer to a question) ; I do not see canals but there are plenty of trees. (*Note.* After some discussion L. said that he was fairly certain that the country was Chaldea or thereabouts, and that the date was very far back, as Persepolis and such

places seemed quite near to our present time in comparison ; it was probably between 20 to 30,3000 year back¹. He then continued :)

I see you at a later date an old man with a white beard, living out a peaceful life and much respected. When you die there is much ceremony, lying in state clothed in white robes ; great numbers of people pass into the chamber and partake of your lost hospitality in the form of a cake with white powder on the top, something the size and shape of our muffin ; these are laid out in long lines for the visitors to take as they come in. They repeat some phrase to the effect that they wish you good a passing over and a happy journey ; they are all quite convinced of an after state and do not look upon death as anything very dreadful. Your body is taken then on board a vessel and dropped into the sea, or in an estuary near it so that it may be carried there. You have a long Devachan, the product of a good, thoughtful, pious sort of life.

| | |
|-----------------|----------------------------|
| Born 19245 B.C. | } Length of life 76 years, |
| Died 19159 B.C. | |

Period in Devachan 2022 years.

Note. The period in Devachan refers to the time spent out of earth life, and includes the time spent in Kama Loka.

¹ The precise dates of these lives of Erato were determined only after 1910.—C. J.

LIFE II

ARABIA. MALE. 17147--17075 B.C.

YOU next appear as a baby in a tent. The people about are nomads and there are camels and every evidence of a wandering life. Later there are troubles and the tribe generally is led away captive down to Egypt. Here you are sold as a slave to an Egyptian family who occupy a fine house and estate by the Nile, apparently in middle or upper Egypt. You are well treated and are, at about the age of nine, the companion and playfellow of your master's son. There is a good deal of athletic exercise done and you both go every day with your companion's sister to take lessons of an old man in the neighbourhood. You appear to be treated as one of the family and are dressed like one of them.

Later on the head of the family dies and apparently either his financial affairs are in a bad state, or his property goes elsewhere, for the family are reduced very much in circumstances. You are by this time grown up, 24 or 25 about, and it is decided to leave that part of Egypt and descend the

Nile to a town much nearer its mouth. The buildings are not much like what one is in the habit of thinking of as Egyptian; the houses are rather insignificant. You seem very much attached to the young man¹ and especially to this sister;² there seems to be a good deal of love-making going on. (This lady L. recognizes and knows at the present time.) Arrived at this town in lower Egypt, you support the small family by writing; you copy deeds and plans of estates, and have a lot of such work. The young man does not do anything particularly. You come into connection with an old man, who has a fine library of papyri, and who has been engaged for a long time on a great historical work. He is very learned, he dictates and you write out and refer to works in the library. This goes on for some nine or ten years, when the old man dies, and you come into possession of his library and he apparently leaves you some property; there is some stipulation about finishing the great historical work to which you apply yourself for years.

In this peaceful epoch there is a calmness and absence of hurry or haste that is very pleasing. The people of the time are simple, cheerful and not in a hurry about anything. This great work is most interesting, no less than the history of the divine

¹ Egeria.

² Cyr.

kings and has portions referring to the building of the Great Pyramid and others. There are good plans of all. Our Pyramid seems riddled with chambers and passages.

Many years pass before the work is complete and then one of your two sons, both of whom are fine handsome young men, takes a copy of the work to Upper Egypt to present to the Pharaoh of the period. It seems the copy was ordered by the Pharaoh. It was received by him, seated on his throne and surrounded by his court. The book is placed in the Royal Archives. This son has at the time an official position of some importance.

You are sent for by the Pharaoh who offers you a place at the capital connected with the library, but you ask to be excused and plead age ; the reason is however that you are of a retiring disposition and very averse to the bustle of court or city life. You are anxious to make it understood that the historical work is not yours and that you have only edited it and copied from notes, etc., made by your old employer.

You return to your home ; you have at some little distance an estate, where cultivation goes on and where there are fish ponds for breeding fish ; you are often there. In the course of time you die and are *not* embalmed. (When did embalming first come into practice in Egypt ?) You were much looked up to during life and especially by your

master's son and daughter who are quite dependent on you. You were a very studious character, religious and not at all afraid of death ; this however was the usual state of mind at that period and in the country. This was a decidedly good incarnation, as it was commenced under difficult circumstances and there were many hard struggles, but the result seems to have been favourable. A long Devachanic period followed this incarnation.

| | |
|-----------------|----------------------------|
| Born 17147 B.C. | } Length of life 72 years. |
| Died 17075 B.C. | |

Period in Devachan 1787 years.

LIFE III

POSEIDONIS. MALE. 15288—15244 B.C.

THE next incarnation was a terribly bad business altogether and not nice reading about, difficult to understand as following two good lives. A good deal of trouble had to be taken to find the locality of this incarnation; after some search it was discovered to be in Poseidonis.

Here was a magnificent civilization, superb buildings, a city as large as London, public buildings surpassing in grandeur and size even the most colossal of Egyptian remains, bridges and buildings in the most decorated style of architecture. Side by side with this wealth and luxury, on a scale that we have small idea of, was squalid poverty, a lower and middle class made up of all sorts of nationalities and races from the black Lemurian of Africa to the various red and yellow peoples of the world, and a degraded and oppressed slave race, composed of the early second subrace of Atlantis. Vice, luxury, and brutal selfishness, sensuality and cruelty were the prevailing characteristics, and low forms of black

magic were generally practised. The ruling class of the old red stock were arrogant, selfish and oppressive ; and in fact with the exception of a very few, with somewhat of a more cultivated nature, the whole place was as bad in every way as it could be. Here took place this unfortunate incarnation.

You were born of parents¹ rich and well connected ; your father was a man wholly devoted to gain, unscrupulous, hard and grasping with hardly a thought beyond. Up to the age of twelve you were an uneasy, unhappy sort of boy, with vague feelings of discomfort and discontent with the surroundings and dim aspirations towards something different and better ; and it was not till the approach of manhood that you became interested in your father's schemes and an admirer of his dexterity and cleverness in business. In the possession of considerable wealth, you become the associate of men mostly idle, vicious and selfish, and surrounded by flatterers and hangers-on of a still more degraded type. A young woman, who it appears loved you with devotion, you tired of and cast off, which produced much misery and was the cause of her early death by suicide.

One thing among all this riot and dissipation relieved the character from being absolutely bad ; it was a feeling of remorse and a real dislike to the mode of life, though the pressure of the current

¹ Father—Muni, Mother—*Markab*.

around you and the universal example hardly allowed your rising above your fellows, no better and no worse than those of your set, and the generality of the population.

The level of morality and spirituality was terribly low ; unscrupulous and not even honest in your dealings, you were ready to take advantage of anyone whenever the chance presented itself, and you were later on addicted to some forms of magic for selfish ends. You were not, and could hardly have been happy, and you suffered throughout from an under current of self-contempt. In middle age a street brawl ended in your receiving a severe wound, from which you suffer long, almost left alone by your selfish acquaintances. You thought and pondered upon the unsatisfactory character of life as you knew it, and despairing of reaching anything better, you ended your own life a wretched suicide.

A long sojourn in Kama Loka naturally followed this ill-spent life, though the aspirations towards good had their legitimate reward. You did reach the Devachanic Plane, and enjoyed the result of whatever spirituality there was in your character.

Looking back, it seems hardly possible, considering all things, that you could have been anything so very different ; the forces of all kinds around you were so immensely powerful for evil that, considering your bringing up and surroundings, it seems from

our point of view that a much better life could not have been expected. It might have been a severe test, but it seems as if even the higher authorities could hardly have expected a better result.

If by chance you had triumphed, it would have been such an achievement that the results would have been immense.

| | | |
|------------------|---|--------------------------|
| Born 15288 B. C. | } | Length of life 44 years. |
| Died 15244 B. C. | | |

Period in Devachan 498 years.

LIFE IV

ESQUIMAUX. FEMALE. 14746—14691 B.C.

YOU next appear as a small dark-skinned baby girl, clothed in furs but with bare feet playing by a large fire of driftwood in the centre of a hut. The locality is North America (E. Coast ?) and the people around belong to some branch of the first Atlantean subrace, and their life and appearance is much like that of the modern Esquimaux. Nothing but snow and ice all round, no vegetation, hardly any animals except some quite small arctic ones. The food is fish and seal mostly.

The air of the hut is so dense that you could cut it with an axe and seems unbreathable from the stench of fish oil, smoke, etc. The walls of the hut run with moisture and there seems to be hardly a utensil or bit of furniture. The air in the summer is not intensely cold, and you run about on the snow with bare feet, though still clothed in rough stiff sealskin and with a small undergarment of the fur of a small white animal, fur inside ; the sealskins are prepared by scraping and rubbing with Seal oil and beating with stone or wood block.

The people are a kind, simple, merry, contented race and not by any means degraded. They are not savages at all but have some very good points. Their life was hard and the climate severe, but they did not appear to regard them as unendurable. The child grows up and has some psychic gifts, sees visions at times, etc., and takes a great interest in the runes or verses that they chant in a droning way round the fire in the winter. There is a sort of a medicine man who has some bits of coloured stuff stuck about his furs; from him you learn something in the way of runes, and they afterwards become a sort of comfort to you though you do not know much about their meaning. You certainly look at natural objects and the sky and the effects of nature with more interest than most of your countrymen, and grow up a merry roundfaced creature with black hair and eyes, and a squat, strong figure, singing cheerfully as you hold the driftwood on the frozen beach or pull the sledge along over the snow. In the winter the feet are bound round with pieces of sealskin till they become quite bundles. The sledges are made of pieces of bone bound together.

You grow up and marry, but not the man you wish to. This gives you some sorrow, but life wears on; you have a family of children to look after. The tribe migrates southward, the sledges being packed and dragged until a more favourable

region is reached, a land of fir trees and a better climate with no snow in the summer. Here the remainder of the life is spent, and when you are overtaken by death the body is buried in a squatting position.

| | |
|-----------------|----------------------------|
| Born 14746 B.C. | } Length of life 55 years. |
| Died 14691 B.C. | |

Period in Devachan 653 years.

LIFE V

N. AMERICA. FEMALE. 14038—13976 B.C.

AGAIN you return after a short Devachanic period to life on this earth, again a girl, and now the country is further south, somewhere in the Southern States of the present American Republic, above the Gulf of Mexico, which at that time has a very different coast line, being not nearly so deep or cut in as it is at present. The great river has also a very different appearance in its lower portion ; it is somewhere to the north of this that you are born.

Your parents are well-to-do people of class equivalent to that of tenant farmer ; they are of a branch-race that is old, and has been conquered some two hundred years previously by a darker race, also of the red stock. The conquered however are not badly treated and have settled down as a fairly independent class inferior to the governing one.

You are now growing up a good looking girl, very studious and of rather a romantic day-dreaming type. The principal book you read is in a curious heiroglyphic character and is partly mythological and partly a collection of maxims, proverbs

and moral precepts. When about sixteen years of age a young man appears on the scene, a handsome, dashing young person who wears a feather head-dress and cloak ornamented with very rich coloured feather trimming. He is of the higher dominant class; the parents are not at all in favour of him, as they doubt the advisability of such a marriage, but either they are persuaded or they possibly are afraid to refuse and you are married. Polygamy is the custom of the country, and you come in with a wife of a previous marriage who naturally is inimical, and takes all opportunities of making mischief and trouble.

You are devoted to your husband and the devotion lasts through life; he is of a weak rather selfish disposition, not exactly bad, but easily led into more or less unknown or doubtful actions or conduct by a dislike of trouble or wish to please himself. Three children are born and they are eminently beautiful, especially the eldest, a boy, and you appear quite wrapped up in and devoted to both husband and children.

At the age of 21 or 22 about, trouble comes on; whether from worldly motives or from a natural shallowness and changeability of character, your husband wishes to marry again; but there is something in the law or custom of the country that apparently does not permit more than two wives,

and the first has some especial rights. It is decided that you are to be removed ; in vain you implore to have at least your children, and you are at last forcibly taken away, and carried for days across great undulating plains, and left with people in a little far-off town. Here you become thoroughly broken down in health and pining away.

At last the desire to see your children becomes so strong that you start away with a supply of food to your husband's dwelling. For some reason or other you cannot take the same route as that by which you were brought, perhaps want of water or difficulty of finding the track across the prairie land, or something of the sort causes you to take a circuitous route, part being through forest. This requires more than a month ; the food supply gives out, and for long you have to support yourself on berries and roots. You reach the neighbourhood of your old home but fall sick in consequence of fatigue, bad food, exposure and mental and physical exhaustion ; a long time elapses before you are able to make an effort to see your children.

You are seen by the new wife and sent off, and so it happens on other occasions ; at last a stormy interview takes place between yourself and the husband. He does not want to be troubled and is rather under the empire of his last wife, and you are driven away, and means are taken to make you leave the

neighbourhood. You then travel to your old home ; neither mother nor father are there, perhaps dead. Here you settle down, and years pass, always mourning and pining for your children. You become very sick and ill, and when you recover you take up and study a good deal the book you were in the habit of reading so much in your girlhood ; some of the moral precepts take a great hold on you. There are some such as translated into our mode of thought say that our sorrow should be for the benefit of others, etc. You then devote yourself entirely to charitable work, not that you have much to give, but you do not appear to be destitute of property of some kind, still it is very small ; but in the cases of trouble and sickness, you are always at hand, living with and entirely devoted to the lower class of the population. You are much looked up to and respected by all, and when you die, it may be said to be in the odour of sanctity.

| | |
|-------------------|--------------------------|
| Born 14038 B.C. } | Length of life 62 years. |
| Died 13976 B.C. } | |

Period in Devachan 1887 years.

LIFE VI

PERU. FEMALE. 12089—12004 B.C.

AFTER a long Devachanic period, which is in harmony with your charitable and devotional character, you reappear again further south, but still in America. (Here L. had some little difficulty in locating the birthplace exactly, but as he saw that the place was not altogether unfamiliar to him in his present life, he gradually followed the indication till he decided without any doubt that Cuzco in Peru was the place.)

This is a very favoured locality as regards climate and position, and everything wears the most pleasing and delightful appearance. A model government, better than anything I have seen anywhere; the people simple, contented; no crime, no poverty; all well clothed and fed, the food fruit and cake of something very like wheat, but beautifully coloured—red, blue, yellow etc., some are striped various colours. The clothes are artistic and of beautiful colours, a pale blue especially. (*Note.* I asked

about animals. The llama was there but not the animal we know but evidently his progenitor, large herds in mountains, the milk used extensively. Beasts of burden: (a very big goat which carried queer shaped packages.)

You are born of rich and influential parents, and are a beautiful girl most carefully attended to, brought up and educated. Two attendants always follow you, and masters come to instruct you in all branches of education. You are naturally most studious and are very clever in painting and music. The books are of thin sheets of some material with a porcelain-like surface, but which can be bent; the characters are painted on and fired in. These sheets measure about 18 ins. by 6 ins., and are kept in boxes about five inches deep of a metal like platinum in colour, highly ornamented with carved horn which is fastened to the metal surface without rivets or cement. The book is made by the two long sides being fastened together, the line of writing being in the same direction as the back binding. The characters are sometimes in fine bright colours. Some of the books are smaller in size and sometimes there are plates of metal at the backs.

The young lady learns painting and music. With the first she is very clever; the process is curious. An outline does not appear to be made but the forms put on at once with great accuracy; colours

of intense brilliancy are used, in the form of powder as wanted, with some very rapidly drying medium ; they are put on with a brush made of some fibrous wood, the end beaten out until it is as fine as hair ; it is triangular in shape, which allows of one side being used so as to draw a very fine line. The blues are magnificent, something superior to a cobalt and one richer and fuller of colour than ultramarine. There is also a beautiful violet and a rose colour unlike any modern pigment, the colours in quality suggest those seen in coloured sky-rockets. After painting them on, they are fixed with some very quick drying varnish, and can afterwards be washed.

The young lady is not very satisfied with her work, especially the skies, and works very diligently to improve. The drawings of buildings and other objects are in good perspective and really represent the things in colour and form, and in this respect are much superior to the much later American art of the period we know something of. Sometimes she does illuminated characters in gold, silver and bronze powders ; there is a red copper colour which is very effective.

Gold and silver and jewels are in profusion everywhere, and your house is magnificent with metal work and exquisite carving and decoration. The temples are vast but not high in proportion to length

and breadth. They are covered in parts with plates of pure gold and there are low reliefs plated with gold about 1/8th inch in thickness. 'You are of a reddish bronze colour but very light, with a slight colour showing through in the cheek, and have curiously a look of your elder daughter (now living).¹ You are most agreeable and kind hearted and are very fond of a younger sister (F.A.)².

Your race is that third subrace of the Atlantean which it has been arranged to call Toltec. There are people about, especially the men, who are somewhat darker in complexion than you are. You are very fond of pets of all sorts, and have a wonderful collection of cats, long-haired and of all colours; there is one absolutely blue, and one which might fairly be called red, there are also yellow and orange. There is a large aviary of rare birds, the wires of the cage are of solid gold. Many of the birds are unknown to me and are exquisite in colour. I recognize the large white dove like the campanero, the one that has the fine note like a bell. With regard to the cats, it seems just like what might be expected towards the end of a very high civilization, when plenty of time could be spent upon the gradual evolution and breeding of curious kinds of domestic animals and birds.

¹ Concord.

² Francesca Arundale —Spica.

Time goes on and you marry a charming young man,¹ relative, who on your father's death assumes his office of Tlecolen, a governor and judge, who has to adjudicate or rather arbitrate in cases. There is practically no crime and nothing apparently in the nature of punishment except that of public opinion.

With regard to the music, the scale is not arranged like ours but the effect is pleasant ; the instrument is evidently a kind of harmonium, the sound being produced by tongues of metal vibrating. The keys are metal pillars which are pressed down with the finger.

Your life passes most pleasantly and you are associated with your husband in all his works, and in the semi-religious and semi-official ceremonies in which he has to take part as governor. About twelve years later you still look quite young, hardly older than when you were married ; your husband looks older and graver.

The religion of the country is a worship of the Spirit of the Sun from whom all things were said to come and who was the giver of all things. There was praise but no prayer, as it was supposed the Deity would provide what was necessary. A future life was believed in, and death considered a step towards the higher existence, and it was considered

¹ Melete.

wrong to mourn for the dead as it was grievous to the Deity to see his children suffer. The Deity was called YNTY and the people called themselves YNTIP KHŪRI, "Children of the Sun" (Ynty makes genitive in p). The people were also called the children of the governor or the king, and were treated as such.

You and your husband lived much loved and respected by all, and your life was passed attending to their good government. Later on, I perceive, you do not paint or play but read a good deal; your sister dies at a good age before you do, and has had a happy existence. During your husband's governorship some great disaster (an earthquake) takes place which renders great numbers of people homeless and wanting; with great energy and skill you both set about remedying this, and in the meantime provide for all the people and take care of them until things are settled. You live on with your husband, being always together and devoted to each other to quite old age. You die the same day, pass through Kama Loka without any stop, and have an immensely long Devachan. I don't think you are likely to get a better incarnation than this one, it seems to me to be perfect in every way.

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|-----------------|----------------------------|
| Born 12089 B.C. | } Length of life 85 years. |
| Died 12004 B.C. | |

Period in Devachan 2367.

LIFE VII

CHINA. FEMALE. 9637—9625 B.C.

AGAIN you appear on the scene as a girl ; this time it is in Middle China. This people show a set type of a hard and foolish kind, conventional to excess, and a civilization already old, a people living by rule, immovable in custom and on the whole good, peaceable and well-meaning.

The girl is studious and receives an education ; books written in character between picture writing and more modern Chinese form, and paper is used for books. The race is the old Turanian.

The family is rich and you are well looked after, and are a happy broad-faced queer looking child at 12 years of age. However you fall ill and die. Kama Loka period short and you just touch Devachan.

| | |
|------------------|--------------------------|
| Born 9637 B.C. } | Length of life 12 years. |
| Died 9625 B.C. } | |

Period in Devachan 22 years.

LIFE VIII

N. ATLANTIS. FEMALE. 9603—9564 B C.

YOU reappear far across the sea on a mountainous peninsula. Your nation is white and your family one of consideration, your father being a chief. You are again born as a girl and grow up strong, handsome, active, amongst a hardy race of Semite appearance, a hunting, fishing and mountaineering people. You belong to that race from which both Semites and Aryans sprang, the white Atlanteans driven by the red conquering race into the mountains, which here at the north end of Poseidonis are higher than any now on the surface of the globe.

Here you grow up to early womanhood, a daring swimmer (this seems a speciality of yours) ; hunting and fishing with your brothers and living a free open-air life. The Atlantean great city and country further south had long coveted this region, and had made war incessantly against the hardy but comparatively not numerous population. The reason of this was that the metallic wealth of this region

was extraordinary and was mined by descendants of the second subrace of Atlantis.

At last when you were about 17 to 18 years of age, your tribe was completely vanquished by the people of the lower country of the south. Every man they could lay hold of was slaughtered; all your family was killed; and you were taken down a captive to the great city of Poseidonis.

Since your last appearance there, things had gone from bad to worse. Vice reigned triumphant, the idea of morality was not understood and evil was absolute. Poseidonis was nearing its end. The rulers employed magical arts of all kinds, and were thoroughly wicked, oppression and cruelty existed everywhere. You were purchased by a rich man,¹ and well treated in the family, on account of your parentage. The son² took a fancy to you and married you. You were grateful to him for taking you out of a state of slavery, although it was not of a hard or degrading kind. Your husband was not exactly bad; quite selfish with no strong character, wealthy, indolent, not actively unkind and somewhat inclined to be generous in a way; as for example, seeing that the town was highly unpleasant to you, and that you pined for your mountain air, he took you to live at his country house in the hills with

¹ Alastor.

² Ursa.

everything on a magnificent scale, but so artificial and made up were the gardens and landscape that you hardly found them better than the town.

Your husband's character did not improve with time; he became dissipated and had round him people that you were thoroughly disgusted with. He also took to drink or drugs of some kind and soon became bloated looking and coarse. Although you no longer had any respect for him, yet a sort of gratitude and devotion still attached you to him. Later he took up magic of a very doubtful kind, magic of all kinds being practised by great numbers and more or less known to all, and as there were everywhere professors of the art who for a consideration would give instruction, it was not difficult to find a master.

Now about this period an old man (grandfather John Varley) with white hair and beard paid you a visit. He had been a sort of priest or seer in your tribe and had escaped the general slaughter by hiding. He came to tell you, now almost the only survivor of your tribe, that he foresaw the destruction of the country and inveighed against the prevailing wickedness. You listened to him and believed him. He warned you to depart in time. You then told your husband, and in every way tried to persuade him to take warning and go; but he laughed at the whole affair, said the old man was mad or had some object in frightening you, and

would listen to nothing. You then determined to wait for the catastrophe and die with your husband, as you felt you could not leave him to perish alone, and determined to remain loyal to the end.

The dreadful day comes and the end of Poseidonis is awful; a great mass of land suddenly sinks to a great depth, the water rushes in and an immense wave sweeps the land. A continual sinking goes on, the whole remaining part seems as if it were melting away, dissolving. Many put out to sea wherever the wave had not destroyed the ships, but the turmoil of the waters was so great that hardly any, if any, escaped. Some however taking to the enormously high tops of the mountains and to the snow and ice-covered parts were saved. The whole destruction scarcely occupied more than 24 hours. It was more than a hundred years before the waters recovered their clearness and the land absolutely stopped from sinking. This happened 11,458 years ago and this was your end.

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Born 9603 B.C. | } Length of life 39 years. |
| Died 9564 B.C. | |
| Period in Devachan 995 years. | |

A REVIEW OF ERATO'S LIVES: I—VIII

BY C. W. LEADBEATER

IT would seem that with this life we come as far as Erato is concerned to the close of a minor cycle of soul-evolution ; in it we see the success of a kind of evolutionary experiment. In his earlier life in Chaldea he was thrown into surroundings which made a good life eminently probable for him. Born in the priestly caste, he encountered none but virtuous examples ; virtue was universally expected of him, and in every way made easy for him. To have sinned seriously would have been difficult ; it would have been to fly in the face of all comfortable conventions ; it would have needed a determination in the direction of wickedness which our hero happily did not possess. So he succumbed to his fate, and was good.

In the second life one may see the application of a test to the habit of goodness which had been set up in the previous incarnation. Here were circumstances distinctly less favourable than the Chaldean ; would the ego prove strong enough to rise superior

to them? He did; he came triumphantly through the ordeal, and thereby strengthened his character.

In the third life a far harder test was applied, and he was plunged into the midst of a civilisation so unsatisfactory in every way that to lead a good life under the conditions would have been more difficult than to lead an evil one as a priest in Chaldea. He was not strong enough for this; he became the creature of his circumstances, and lived as did others around him. It may have been but natural for *them*, but for him it was a failure, for he had known something far better.

Consequently, his next life shows a distinct drop. There was here a certain amount of physical suffering, which no doubt toughened his fibre even while it discharged some portions of his heavy karmic debt. In the succeeding incarnation he had a great deal of emotional and mental suffering. On the whole he bore it well and nobly, and came out of it purified and strengthened.

The Peruvian life was clearly an opportunity for him to try his newly acquired powers under the most favourable auspices, thereby not only increasing them but setting up a habit of using them—creating a momentum along the line of good¹. When this

¹ Also I am inclined to think as a period of ease and rest, with a minimum of strain, as a preparation for the strain of the second life to follow.—C. J.

had been accomplished, and when he had also achieved whatever result was expected from that quaint Chinese incarnation, in which he did little more than leave his card on the Celestial Empire, back he came again to the very scene of the original failure in Poseidonis to try over again that terrible test.

But the intervening lives had not been spent in vain ; they had done their work ; this time he passed, and passed triumphantly, not only leading a good life in the midst of general iniquity, but even nobly sacrificing that life to an almost exaggerated sense of duty. Thus the object of the evolutionary forces was achieved, and he was at liberty to pass on to the development of another side of his character. (*The Lives of Alcyone*, pp. 529-30).

LIFE IX

ETRURIA. FEMALE. 8569—8510 B.C.

AGAIN you are born a girl and this time as an Etruscan. Your parents are well-to-do cultivators who live in a homely but comfortable way. You have artistic tastes which display themselves in the skilful combination of colours in weaving or such work, which is sought for on account of its excellence. The principal business seems vine growing, and various shaped jars and amphorae are conspicuous objects. Everywhere are vines.

In the neighbourhood are ancient temples belonging to early times of the race and built in a massive style; their remains we in the present day style cyclopean architecture. The people are peaceable and kindly in disposition.

Your life is not eventful. You grow up, marry and bring up a family; you are a skilled herbalist, knowing flowers and plants and their properties, and are much in request in cases of illness. You are a good, neighbourly, helpful kind of person, and live to a good age.

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|----------------|----------------------------|
| Born 8569 B.C. | } Length of life 59 years. |
| Died 8510 B.C. | |

Period in Devachan 1053 years.

LIFE X

JAPAN. FEMALE. 7457—7392 B.C.

THE next incarnation belongs to a period dating back some 9,000 years, and takes place in a country that has been affected by the destruction of Poseidonis. It is an island and belongs to Japan. The people are not quite like the modern Japanese in type, and there are still a good many of the Aino race among them. They are round faced with black hair and eyes, contented, happy and lead good harmless lives.

The worship or religion is not very clear; they do not seem to have very distinct ideas on the subject themselves, but there are many temples and a priesthood, and there is every sign that the country has been in a settled condition for a very long period.

Your life is not eventful; you marry but without any particular inclination towards marriage, and lead a quiet happy good sort of life, bring up your children well and are very good and kind to them.

You are very devout and are particularly successful in artistic work. Your painting upon silk is

excellent, and you are often employed on decorative hangings for temples. You do not illustrate any particular scene or event, but are simply anxious to produce something beautiful and ornamental, and you seem to paint just what comes into your head ; the result is pleasing and satisfactory. You are also very fond of books and study and are particular about religious exercises.

When your husband dies you devote yourself to temple work and become a sort of nun, your time being devoted to temple decoration, in which you seem to be successful in executing large panels and screens. The remainder of your life is passed in study, painting and care of children. It is a desirable sort of incarnation, though quiet and without any stirring episodes.

| | |
|-----------------|----------------------------|
| Born 7457 B. C. | } Length of life 65 years. |
| Died 7392 B. C. | |

Period in Devachan 1513 years.

LIFE XI

EGYPT. MALE. 5879—5804 B.C.

THE next birth is in a large city not far above the apex of the Delta of the Nile. The principal part of the city is on the western bank, and there it is that the largest temples and public buildings are to be found. There is also a town on the opposite bank which stretches away to the base of a line of cliffs running parallel with the river. These cliffs have been worked into and cut away. (*Note.* Probably the quarries of Tourah whence came the stone for building the Pyramids and other constructions.) This city is evidently the old Memphis; some temples of a great size are in and about it. The town on the opposite or eastern bank is more scattered and of smaller size, though it stretches well away to the foot of the cliffs, which are the Mokhattam range of the present day.

You are born this time into a rich and distinguished family; your father, a grave thoughtful man is architect of royal domains or some equivalent office, his work having to do with building and

keeping in repair palaces, public buildings and certain temples. He lives in a large handsome house with fine courtyards and extensive well-planted gardens, in which are small ponds or lakes containing aquatic birds and swans that look rather fierce and vicious. It is situated rather on the outskirts of the city, between it and the desert land that stretches away undulating towards the west. The bedrooms are rather small in this house and appear not to have windows.

Your mother is a nice looking person and evidently of respectable rank and position. You are much looked after and have a sort of nurse who is treated much as one of the family ; she is a foreigner having golden hair and a quite white skin. You are dressed in a quaint little garment all in one piece.

In a few years you have a little brother and later on you are at a sort of school attached to a temple ; the masters are priests and the method of learning consists of chanting over and over again certain phrases, verses, etc. ; writing is practised by drawing the characters on smooth sand in a shallow box. Your studies with those of your younger brother progress and from time to time you go, in the charge of two elderly attendants, to a farm belonging to your father situated lower down the river. Here you seem to take a great delight in fishing and shooting wild fowl with bow and arrow ; one

curious fact attracts attention, cats are used for retrieving. You get expert in this and also in snaring wild fowl by means of nets and with a decoy.

Later on you are fond of quietly accompanying your father to any place where building operations are going on and take a great interest in the work, enquiring a good deal, especially about the decorative part. You are most attracted to sculpture and modelling, and begin on the quiet to do a little that way; one of the first successes in this line is the model of a cat which looks very promising. Your father is very anxious for you to accept a position in the army, but you have no vocation for it and are very much bent on artistic studies.

You and your father have long conversations about it, in which you try to persuade him to allow you to follow his profession. However in the end you comply with his wishes, and enter the king's bodyguard as a sub-officer. You mount guard, do escort duty, take instructions from the king himself, who appears interested in you, and are present on state occasions with the bodyguard. The Pharaoh is a fine looking man of great intelligence; he wears a double crown, the lower part is red, but the dome-shaped upper portion is white and has a gold asp in front; it is fearfully heavy. You go on state errands to cities in upper Egypt and to Thebes.

There is a good deal of movement now in the kingdom; councils are being held and some expedition is being planned. Your duties consist in taking messages to governors, etc., to prepare and send down troops and to provide provision and armaments. Eventually a large army sets out with the king in person, marching by way of Kantara and by the Isthmus of Suez towards Palestine. There is at this time a canal from the Nile to the Red Sea. The country passed through is horrible, nothing but sand and rock, deep valleys suffocatingly hot; there is a good deal of suffering and water is very scarce indeed. The Dead Sea is some distance from the route of march and the Jordon winds about; some large towns are visited.

It now appears that these people, some of whom are nomads, some others of decidedly Fourth Race stock, are allies or subjects of the Egyptian kingdom, and have suffered much from raids from an Aryan people of Celtic appearance; some governors and Egyptian officers have been killed and hence this expedition. The Egyptian troops are highly trained and march in companies well armed; leather is much used as defensive armour, being studded with brass plaques and here and there quilted; the shields have also brass or metal knobs on them; the spear is much used, also javelins, bows and arrows; the bow is often held horizontally and the arrow pulled

to the breast ; the archers are very expert ; a large sort of cross bow is used which requires three men to handle it, it shoots powerfully and to a long distance.

The journey is a long one, and two or three months elapse before the enemy is encountered, when a battle ensues ; the king is evidently a general and understands the art of war ; a good deal of use is made of sappers and engineering work. The king chooses a position for his army on rising ground, protected by swampy ground on one side and by rough and stony ground covered with rocks and boulders on the other.

The Egyptians are evidently highly trained and disciplined and move together in masses ; the Celtic people come on in groups with tremendous impetus and rush, and are active good fighters, but they are not able to make much impression on the Egyptian columns ; although a good many are killed on both sides they at length retire, cautiously followed up by the Egyptians.

The campaign is now passed in gradually driving the enemy out of the country until the Black Sea is reached. Here a large town is laid seige to and afterwards taken ; many engines are employed ; stages moved to the walls encounter great difficulties on account of the steep slope ; a mine is made and carefully concealed until a combined attack is made on the walls and beneath, ending in the capture of

the city ; much booty is taken and captives, armour, weapons, gold and silver ornaments and slaves. You receive two slaves among your share of the spoil. During one of the engagements you are wounded but not seriously ; you do your duty but are not much drawn to the military life, although you make progress and advance in rank.

A peace is made and a frontier established ; and then the king and his host return towards their country but not by the same route ; keeping near the sea, some Phoenician cities are passed, well-to-do places, with much trade and commerce. From one of these a portion of the army takes ship and sails to Egypt, the king and many officers and yourself among the number.

There is much ceremony on the return of the victors to the capital ; but you leave the army and take to sculpture seriously, going about from place to place and getting instruction. You work a good deal in clay at first, but afterwards on stone and marble with the chisel which gives you a good deal of trouble : still you make rapid progress and turn out a fine sitting figure of the king, which is presented to him. He receives it graciously and promises you the reversion of your father's office on his death.

You now marry, the match is arranged by the family and the wife a very nice sweet young lady

of good position,¹ who regards you with great admiration and respect and thinks an immense deal of your artistic work. You are especially successful in modelling and carving animals; a crouching lion is most life-like, and a great work which probably still exists was an elephant nearly life size or at all events on a very large scale in black basalt.

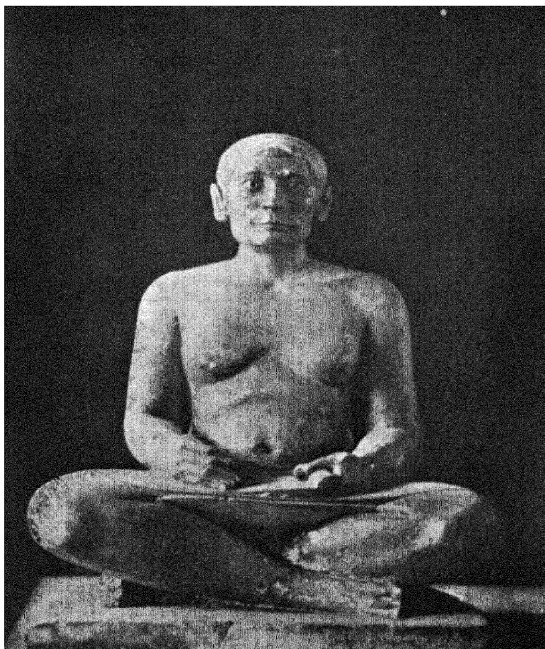
You have a son and while an infant you make a fine group of Isis and Horus for which your wife and son are the models. The son however dies at an early age which causes you and your wife great grief; you make a little statue of him sleeping which you offer to the temple, the idea in your mind is to propitiate the gods to replace him and to ask them to look after him in the next world.

In course of time you have other children, two sons and two daughters, who grow up. You are engaged in temple construction, adding to temples and buildings and making plans; executing bas-reliefs of the triumphs and martial exploits of the Pharaoh, and one large group of some incident in the last campaign when the Pharaoh in his chariot is attacked and has to fight at close quarters with a hostile chieftain in which adventure he comes out the conqueror. There are many more works which need not be described here.

¹ Melete.

The Pharaoh dies and is buried with great pomp, and not long afterwards your father dies, and is also interred with much ceremony ; the embalming is done in the most costly fashion, and certain liquids are injected into the body with syringes, the mummy case is profusely ornamented with colour and gilding, and the masque is also gilded. You take over your father's office and lead a quiet hard-working life, always producing statues, and it is at this house that the statuette of the scribe now in the Louvre is executed ; it was exhibited in a sort of hall or loggia in some public gardens among others statues, etc., and was much thought of.

Time goes on and you gradually get on towards old age ; you were great friends with an old chief priest who initiates you into some of the mysteries, and you often have him and other friends at your residence, where you discuss philosophical subjects, and some form of magic is studied under the tuition of the old priest. At length your wife dies, and here a curious thing takes place ; she is constantly near you and trying to make her presence known ; you are partly conscious of the presence, but do not see her. You set to work on your last statue which is a portrait of your dead wife, and while at work she is always with you. You get more aged and feeble gradually, and peacefully pass away ; just before your death you see your loved one smile and



THE SCRIBE

Statuette in colour in the
Louvre Museum, Paris

extend your arms to her and then lean back on your pillows, and quietly die. Your name during this incarnation was Ūseren-Rā.

The Devachanic period was a long one, not however as long as the first after the Chaldean one. Perhaps some law is in operation which causes longer Devachanic periods at certain stages of the world's history, as this last life described would seem to have called for a longer period in Devachan than the above mentioned one of the Chaldean time.

| | |
|----------------|----------------------------|
| Born 5879 B.C. | } Length of life 75 years. |
| Died 5804 B.C. | |

Period in Devachan 1772 years.

LIFE XII

INDIA. MALE. 4032—3987 B.C.

YOU next arrive on the scene as a boy living in a fine house, to which is attached large gardens in a city built in a picturesque rocky valley. It is walled round and has five gates. It is the ancient Ajmere in Rajputana. Your father¹ is a chief of some sort and is evidently possessed of considerable property as the house is on a large scale ; the gardens are extensive and there are plenty of servants about. You come of a warlike and fighting stock, Kshattriyas, a fine, tall, brave, handsome race, and your family have been for long people of importance. Your father is a commander in the army—a good and religious man in the main but fanatical, fierce and an inveterate fighter. The time is an uneasy one full of battle and strife, war always in the air.

At seven or eight years of age you are playing about in the garden and live in some luxury ; you wear a necklace of costly jewels, emeralds, probably a bit of spoil collected somewhere by your father.

¹ Deneb.

Your education commences and you learn reading and writing in a sand box. An old retainer instructs you in riding, swordsmanship, the use of the lance, etc., and he takes great pleasure in showing off with these weapons much to your delight. At about twelve years you are studying mathematics and learn a great many shlokas. Your mother¹ is a very nice good woman to whom one is much drawn ; she is constantly looking after the religious part of your education, impressing you with the notion that earthly glory is perishable and the impermanence of all such things. You are however drawn most strongly towards everything warlike, and delight in horses and arms and nothing attracts you more than the feats and exercises of horsemen ; the horses are of light build, wiry and strong. All these influences your mother cries to counteract ; she is a very good, orthodox woman, especially careful of all religious observances.

You have a brother² much younger to whom you are much attached, and of whom you are very careful.

At the age of fourteen you devote your time to riding, martial exercises, etc., and by the time you reach sixteen or seventeen you go to the wars with your father. A great war is now in progress about

¹ Melete.

² Anson.

some question of supreme sovereignty over many states. The methods of warfare are most curious; a good deal of magic is employed, but the business is difficult to follow. In one case during a battle, a leader ¹ stands aside by a rock with a line of archers in front of him; just as they shoot he makes a sign with a staff which affects the flight of the arrows and increases their number; he says something at the moment; this reduplication plays a great part in this kind of magic; the men that fall struck by the arrows are more numerous than the arrows originally let off by the archers. Magic is also used on the other side; sometimes a violent wind blows the arrows back or a dense fog covers operations. All this magic does not seem very deep and is mostly confined to tricks of the kind.

The fighting men on both sides are courageous and appear as a fine race with a good deal the look of the present inhabitants of Rajputana. You are light in colour, agile, tall and well dressed; a handsome jewel decorates your turban in the front. About two years are passed in constant fighting; you are completely wrapped up in military matters, and combat is your breath of life, and you are now a bold and noble warrior very different to the Egyptian officer of earlier days, who looked upon the whole business of war as a sort of irksome duty.

¹ Pallas.

At last the war being over for a time, a temporary peace is made and you return home to the great joy of your mother and younger brother. Some four years pass; at this time there is peace, but you mostly occupy yourself with warlike sports; the great business is feats of horsemanship and swordsmanship, and many extraordinary performances take place. The only evidence of leaning towards art that is seen is in your love of well made and decorated weapons, and you are a lover of damascening work and inlaying.

You do not marry early but a match is arranged for you when you are about twenty-one years of age; the bride is younger and is a timid, shrinking young person.¹ The marriage ceremonies are on a costly scale and most elaborate, large and expensive entertainments and hospitality, sort of open house; much given away in alms and great feasting; the food is not altogether vegetarian and deer flesh appears to be eaten among other things.

You now settle down and live in your father's house. Your younger brother grows up. He is psychic, mystic, affectionate, but capricious, not strong in health or body and wayward and irritable. You are very fond of him and help him on in every way. The peace is not of long duration and there are constant small tribal wars which last some few

¹ Concord.

months ; you escape harm but your wife is most anxious and worried. The emperor,¹ whose daughter you have married, sends for you and your father. You travel N. E. and again E., first going to a high red walled city, probably Delhi, and then to Benares to wait on the emperor. The place seems to be called Baranāsi.

Your father and yourself and two or three other people of rank are directed to go on an embassy ; this is evidently an affair of very great importance ; bales of costly presents are prepared, elaborately embroidered cloths, jewels, etc., to a fabulous value. You travel westward on state elephants with a large train, and embark at a place somewhere about the neighbourhood of Cutch. Three ships laden with these costly presents, the ivory and jewels being of enormous value, sail away ; the ambassadors are on one ship ; the ships are a good deal like the dhows of the present day, and are not apparently very desirable vessels for a long sea journey ; the sails are very decorative but clumsy and not very suitable for the purpose.

You sail north coasting past Karachī, cross the Persian Gulf by Ras-el-Had, hugging the land all the way ; you have no compass but have kind of charts, and generally seem to know your position pretty well ; you pass Socotra, Aden and Perim.

¹ Mars.

The land here seems different ; the straits of Bab-el-Mandeb appear wider. You sail up the Red Sea coasting along the Somali coast ; there are many flourishing cities, at most of which you stop for provisions. The people are a mixed race, a good deal of Arab blood but some negroes among them.

From the Gulf of Suez a canal leads to the Nile ; you sail into some lagoons, and here leave the ship and go on your journey by horses and camels, a large caravan, leisurely, but no hurry ; the canal enters the Nile below Memphis, for which city you are bound. Memphis is still larger than it was when you were last there, with still finer and more colossal buildings. Amongst the military officers who receive the embassy are C. W. Leadbeater,¹ and A. P. Sinnett.²

The pomp and ceremonial of the court is much more imposing than it was when you served another of the Pharaohs ; he still wears the same crown, but everything is on a more gorgeous scale. You are introduced to the two officers (Leadbeater and Sinnett), and meet with a very friendly reception and win their good opinion ; you dine together ; a house, one of the king's palaces, is provided for you on the banks of the Nile with ample accommodation for the embassy and here you settle down.

¹ Sirius.

² Castor.

Everything is done deliberately and without hurry, and many months pass; trips are made on the river and some hunting excursions down the stream, and during all this time Leadbeater, Sinnett and yourself are on great terms of friendship.

A year passes, and then the embassy takes leave of the Pharaoh, and start on their homeward journey laden with presents—stuffs elaborately worked, vessels of agate and onyx, elegant lamps and many articles of artistic workmanship; the tissues and cloths are, however, not so fine in quality as those brought from India, a *múslin* from that country being quite extraordinary. A complimentary letter to the king goes with the presents. Your two friends present you with a parting gift, a figure of a god made of polished stone to be worn as an amulet and a religious symbol in cornelian.

You return along the canal bank to the lagoon, embark on ships and leisurely make your way down the Red Sea, touching at various ports, and doing a little trade with the inhabitants. You land at Cutch and proceed to Baranāsi.

The name you are known by in the incarnation is Dhritarāshtra (one of the Devarājahs and a name borne by one of the chiefs in the Mahābhārata).

Both your father and yourself receive a warm welcome, and attend the king's court daily, and pass most of your time in horsemanship and the

management of weapons. The mother's influence is still strong, but she is getting aged in appearance. The younger brother¹ is still a curious youth, well meaning but strange and capricious.

Your age is now thirty-two. Another war breaks out, or rather the old dynastic business crops up again. Your father does not leave home this time, but your brother accompanies you, though this proceeding of his meets with opposition from all. With all your care he is continually giving great anxiety, as he is most rash and will not follow orders. During a skirmish he presses too much to the front, and is fairly surrounded; you rush up to his rescue, and as you are throwing a javelin you are struck on the elbow, which causes the javelin to miss its aim and pierce your brother who is in advance.

Your grief is most intense, and although you recognise the accidental character of the misfortune, you have no more heart for fighting and leave the army. A painful scene ensues on your return home and your mother is inconsolable.

You eventually resolve to leave wife and children and become an ascetic; in this your idea is that, although you do not blame yourself in any way for the accident, yet you believe it to have been caused by some previous bad Karma, and now hope to completely work it out.

¹ Auson.

You wander through woods and jungles in the mendicant's robes, supporting life with wild fruits, in great sorrow of mind; the life is so unlike your past that you doubt and despair. You try to meditate but cannot concentrate or quieten your mind and thought, and the monotony of the life seems unbearable. After some weeks, being now far from home, you wander northward through desert and jungle, occasionally receiving some food at the towns and villages on the route, but these are few and far between. At length you come to a place where an ascetic lives in a cave, an old man.¹

He speaks kindly to you and shelters you in the cave. You relate what has happened to you and he sympathises and offers instruction; you stay with him and study diligently; this life continues for years; your food—wild fruits and some fruit occasionally brought by peasants, who however come from some distance; a spring near supplies you with water.

In time you grow calm and resigned, and your companion explains and teaches you many things, Hindu metaphysics being one of the principal branches of study. And so the life continues for some years until the passing away, having obtained a reputation for sanctity in the surrounding country. You appear quite aged, but in reality are not much

¹ Spica.

more than forty at time of your death. A very short Kama Loka period and a long Devachan succeeds this life, which has been one of great spiritual advancement, and during the latter part of your life you have become deeply versed in occult matters. The old man, your companion, is acquainted with the higher Devachanic plane and has a great spiritual knowledge.

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Born 4032 B. C. | } Length of life 45 years. |
| Died 3987 B. C. | |
| Period in Devachan 1829 years. | |

LIFE XIII

ARABIA. MALE. 2158—2090 B.C.

YOU go westward for your next incarnation and begin life in a city. Your name is Kholeyb. The city is situated in a belt of country stretching to the sea in one direction and bounded by desert on the other. In the centre of the country, however, and beyond the deserts, are highlands more or less fertile, and inhabited by a race differing from that on the coast, the former people being Aryan Semites, and the coast-landers, who are of mixed Atlantean and Lemurian blood, *but who pride themselves* on the purity of their race¹ and look down on the Aryan Semites as a mixed and inferior people. It is however true that these Aryan Semites were a good deal below them in the arts of civilization, and perhaps compared to them might have been considered more or less barbarous, in the sense of not possessing the more refined style of living.

¹ These are descendants of the Original Semites brought over by the Fifth Root Race Manu from Atlantis as the first selection out of which further selections were made as a nucleus for the Aryan Race. They were the ancestors of the Jews.—C. J.

The desert country was inhabited by nomad tribes much as in the present time, and your native city, which is called Marib, was placed on the desert belt, to the north of Aden. There is another city nearer to Aden and to the south-west of Marib called Sa'aneh, which exists to this day.

Your parents were both of the Aryan-Semitic race and had descended from the inner highlands of Nejd in order to carry on a commercial business. You are therefore of the fifth Race, although born in a country populated almost entirely by a mixture of the Third and Fourth, who call themselves Himiya; you and your parents are also of much lighter complexion and you call your nation Mostareb.

Although the civilization of the coast cities is a good deal superior, yet there are some good walled towns in Nejd, containing buildings of good architectural design. In this district of Nejd are to be found cyclopean remains and circles of great stones, at that period upright blocks, though had been in some cases connected with slabs in the style of Stonehenge and in fact are of the same character; they belong to a very ancient race no longer to be found in the country even at that date.

The religion of your people was not a very distinctly marked one, and had evidently been a mixture of religious beliefs—a sort of nature worship

with deities of the sun and moon, stars, rain, wind, etc. The civilization around you in your city of Marib is of a good type.

As a boy, you share with your neighbours a belief or superstition, which however has some foundation, concerning a ruined city to the North in the deserts, inhabited only by magicians of whom everyone lives in dread; these are supposed to be remnants of the great people of Ad, who were certainly a very ancient race indeed, being Lemurian with an admixture of the first Atlantean subrace. They are of a race who built in the style of cyclopean architecture, of great stature and strength, and of a comparatively high civilization; they lived in comfort and were certainly not savages; they were not, however, a pleasant sort of folk and decidedly given to magic of a dark kind. Branches of the race lived on the east coast of Africa.

Both your father and mother hold aloof a good deal from their neighbours, considering them as their inferiors; the said neighbours in their turn however regard the family as of decided lower race than themselves, not being of the prevailing colour and stock.

Your father is engaged in trade as a merchant. The country round is fertile and is much cultivated, the vine doing well—and still grown and exported—and nutmeg and cinnamon. These are the principal

articles he deals in, buying them and sending them to the coast in bales made of bark. Cloth is manufactured, both cotton and woollen, and very well dyed, also excellent sword blades like those of Damascus, being extremely flexible and good in temper; good porcelain is also made. Your father deals in gems.

At ten years of age you are a nice little handsome child, oval face, aquiline nose and well shaped hands, light in complexion, and no Lemurian blood. You study and can write in three different characters, two are written from right to left, or backwards, one from left to right; the first two characters you generally employ, but sometimes sign your name in the third character, which you have acquired from your father, and also from your teacher who is a kind of priest. You study mathematics, geometry, arithmetic and a kind of algebra; not much of a religious education—only some proverbs and maxims and some formulae or mantras which you learn to recite. These mantras are to be used as a protection against the dreaded magicians of the North, who, whether they have a real existence or not, are a constant source of fear and discomfort to the people around, who have some queer stories about their spiriting men away, etc.

As you grow up you are drawn to occult study of any kind and to philosophy and metaphysics;

and here it shows that you have carried this peculiarity over very distinctly from your last incarnation. You are curious about the magic you hear spoken of—although this is not a good kind—containing invocations of spirits and the powers of the air. You are told that there are men who still know what the men of old knew, and as you now travel in your fathers' business, you take every opportunity of enquiring for such people.

You seek such people in the town of Sa'aneh on the sea coast to the north-west, and at last in the south country you come across a professor of the art. He is a poor and miserable creature, whose magical arts have certainly not benefited him materially; he is however a firm believer in his powers. The practices and rites are disgusting, and connected with the sacrifice of animals and all sorts of abominations; a goat is killed and a talisman made of its entrails, with certain herbs wrapped in pieces of rag, by which an evil spell can be cast. The practices are generally the same as the more modern Obeah or Voodoo, a low grade materialistic black magic, nearly all of it connected with injury of others, for example, spells to poison a town, to cause rain, love phylters, etc. All this is a relic of the lowest form of Lemurian knowledge and with it you are thoroughly disgusted; although you write

down the particulars, you do not however put them into use.

The artistic feeling is not predominant, although you have a certain amount of interest in it, and produce yourself some illuminated texts, etc., which are decidedly beautiful. A quiet successful life succeeds this period, making money by trading, but not productive of anything out of the way. A journey taken after this time presents some interesting features; for purposes of trade you visit the island of Socotra to purchase spices and pearls, there being some people employed in that fishery on the island. The inhabitants are like the Somali, mostly Lemurian in type and half savage; they sell spices, coconuts and dates; coral is used by them as ornament, and prepared bird skins of very brilliant colour. They wear very little in the shape of dress, but purchase some cloths which you have with you, the quality and colour of which are very good, also swords and porcelain of a rough kind. There are remains of cyclopean buildings on this island of immense antiquity, and there are still remains of some of the old Lemurian magic.

In your own city the government consists of a king, who does not interfere much in the government, and there are judges and officials of some sort, but there is a great deal of individual freedom and apparently the government is not a very

important feature. You have some ups and downs in life, such as the occasional loss of a caravan and such matters, but have a successful life generally and are regarded as a man of consideration in the city. Your advice is much sought, and you have the reputation of being more learned than most of your neighbours. You have great leanings to anything occult, and are proficient in astronomy and astrology, which enter a good deal into the religion of the period. Your studies and character have caused you to be looked up to as a man of wisdom, and your love of knowledge especially, in the direction of Occultism, caused you for a great part of your life to make plans for a systematic search of the magicians in their city in the North, although you have every reason to believe that the undertaking would be a very dangerous one, for many reasons.

However old age comes on and at last you retire from the scene. Your spiritual aspirations were not very prominent, but what there were, were in the right direction. You left behind you several children.

| | |
|----------------|----------------------------|
| Born 2158 B.C. | } Length of life 68 years. |
| Died 2090 B.C. | |

Period in Devachan 1517 years.

LIFE XIV

PERSIA. MALE. 573—561 B.C.

YOU are reborn in a part of the Persian Empire, or at least it owes allegiance to a king of that race who lives in a large city to the westward, and is called Hormi Khan. Your country is called Bak-tra and your city is to the north of the Paropamisan Range near the eastern border of Afganistan. The people are sun and fire worshippers, and the temples are great bare places without furniture or decoration. There is however a good deal of knowledge among the priesthood.

You are called Zahal Zair, and you have a twin sister.¹ Your horoscope is cast at birth and is considered unfortunate. Your parents are both studious persons and are wealthy and influential; they are very anxious about the predictions which announce misfortune for one of the children, and they have some idea of separating you and bringing you up apart.

¹ Auson.

You are carefully instructed, particular attention being given to writing ; you are much given to poetry and versifying ; you have a wonderfully easy flow of ideas and language. You also are taught sacred literature, and in fact the Zoroastrian religion, and both of you are pleasant, good and handsome children, although you are grave and quiet, very unlike the boy in the last incarnation, who was a joyous energetic open-air sort of child.

You and your sister have to go in for a good deal of physical exercise, principally riding, and both become expert. Your sister rides man fashion, and you are dressed very much alike in trousers and both have long hair. At ten years of age you are fairly well educated for your years and studious.

The people in the country live in dread of raids from the north, where a Turanian population is found ; they are Tartar hordes, fierce and cruel. The people regard them as barbarians, and their numbers and ferocity make them a source of continual apprehension.

Near the city is a lake on which you and your sister sometimes go sailing in a curious broad boat with a lateen sail. One day you go out with the boatman, the water is rough and the wind high. A sudden squall upsets the boat. The boat man and the two children make attempts to climb on to the side, but are not successful ; the sail gets wet and holds the

boat down, The boatman can swim and he attempts to swim ashore with the two children, but the water is rough and the boat is at least a mile from the shore; he returns; and then you persuade him to take your sister, saying that you can hold on till he returns with a boat. The boatman will not go for sometime, but at last you persuade him, and he sets off and with a terrible struggle succeeds in reaching the land. Your sister is quite insensible but he procures assistance and leaves her in the care of some people, while the others accompany him in a boat to rescue you. By this time however you and the boat have disappeared.

You have a very grave, pale face with large eyes, and are a very good little fellow. You are watched over in Kama Loka by certain powers, and during the time passed there you are in an unconscious state; you are soon passed over to Devachan, which is not a very elevated one, corresponding with your short existence.

| | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Born 573 B.C. | } Length of life 12 years. |
| Died 561 B.C. | |
| Period in Devachan 41 years. | |

LIFE XV

GREECE. MALE. 520—449 B.C.

HERE you are in quite another place in a home overlooking a bay. (L. is quite at home here. J. V.) There are pillars round it and it occupies ground on which part of Modern Athens now stands. The Parthenon and other well known buildings are there later. The date is 520 B.C. (L. is in this incarnation my brother, older by some few years. J. V.) Your name is Agathocles.

Here we grow up together taking life joyously and happily ; we practise gymnastics greatly, run, leap, wrestle, throw the quoits and enjoy everything. The country is beautiful and the climate better than that of the present time. Our studies are regular and serious, we are much interested in them and take a keen delight in learning. We read history (which by the bye is not very exact), and mythology ; we read about the Trojan war and get very excited over it, and make up mimic scenes from that story. The religious instruction consists of maxims.

We are placed under the protection of Pallas Athēnē and are taught to call upon Her ; we have belief in a future life, but it is a happy kind of belief. The inhabitants of the country are a free, happy, friendly people—rather cunning perhaps. The most important feature of this early period is our taking part in the public games : it is a time of supreme interest to us. Our family is in good circumstances, and we have good opportunities.

A relative offers to take us a voyage in his ship, or one of which he is part owner. We sail about from island to island of the archipelago, thoroughly enjoying our trips on shore, examining the marvellous temples and exquisite sculpture. Although trade is the object of the voyage, it is conducted in such a leisurely manner that we always have the time to potter about, and enjoy the beautiful scenery of the various places we stop at.

The great point of the story is that we eventually arrive at Samos, and there meet Pythagoras. We see him and hear him speak, and approach him with great reverence. He is a very old man at this time ; it is not very long before his death. In giving us his blessing at parting, he says to us *πάλιν συνεσταθῆσόμεθα* ("We shall meet again"). We make the acquaintance of a disciple of his named Cleinias now (the Master Djual Khool)¹ and have

¹ Uranus.

the privilege of his advice and kind interest. We are both of us attracted in an extraordinary way towards the philosophy and teaching as explained to us by Cleinias, and are anxious at once to become disciples of the school.

We apply to him, and he kindly gives us good counsel in the matter, and allows us to attend each day and sit among his pupils and listen to his lectures. At these daily interviews and lectures we took mental notes of all that was said, and acquired an earnest and strong feeling towards the great truths taught by him. Here we learn the doctrine of reincarnation, ethics and the mysteries of numbers. The time for us to return home was now at hand, and thus after about a year of delightful wandering we sailed for Athens.

(*Note.* The Master was in Egypt during the period that C. W. L. and A. P. S. and myself were there. We probably saw Him.)

We carry with us to Athens our notes of the precious instructions of Cleinias; and also some manuscript of his, and are most interested in our studies of the subjects. We seek Pythagoreans in Athens, and meet and discuss the teachings. During our voyage round the isles, you had been so much attracted by the exquisite works of art that we had the good fortune to see, that you had determined on being a sculptor, and now your time was taken

up between the study of your profession and that of the Pythagorean philosophy. Cleinias later settles in Athens ; we join his pupils and large numbers are attracted by his teaching.

The troubles with Persia were now commencing, and the times were uneasy and full of trouble, culminating in the Persian invasion. We both take part in the celebrated battle of Marathon ; the Greek accounts of the battle are somewhat exaggerated, for although the Persians were enormously superior in number, yet they were not fighting with the courage of despair that animated the Greeks, and their attack was a half-hearted affair. However in this celebrated engagement we did our best ; the Greeks indeed generally fought with great valour.

In the naval battles at Salamis we were also engaged, the character of the fighting being severe, consisting of fierce hand-to-hand encounters. The vessels were generally driven alongside and the enemy boarded under a cover of javelins, etc., then with sword, shield and spear the struggle was continued.

For sometime we were not free of the Persians ; they hung about, causing an uneasy, trying time. We afterwards go to assist the Greek colonies in Asia Minor against them, and also take part in the battle of Platæa. After all this fighting we return to Athens.

You continue your work as a sculptor, turning out some good figures and settle down in the old house to hard work, but we still keep in connection with Cleinias, studying with him, and at his house a group of students meets for discussion and instruction. We are initiated into the Mysteries and have the doctrine of Reincarnation and Karma (or as it was then called "readjustment") made plain to us.

You produce some excellent statues, usually attaching to them the assumed name of Kalamis. A list of the principal ones is appended. A good deal of time was devoted to philosophy; Cleinias told us that we had been together in previous existences, and perhaps described one of them to us. (L. reached the age of 70 years before leaving this world.) You depart some five years later. The parting was not a painful one, as we were both happy in our knowledge of what death meant, and knew that in a future existence we should meet again. Our passage through Kama Loka was very rapid, almost instantaneous, and the Devachanic period long. In your case it lasted 1952 years.

| | |
|---------------|----------------------------|
| Born 520 B.C. | } Length of life 71 years. |
| Died 449 B.C. | |

Period in Devachan 1952 years.

NOTE BY C. W. LEADBEATER

Written in 1894

Our father, a poet of some reputation named Simonides, was born in the island of Keōs, and had established himself in Athens only some few years before our birth. We know him now as "Apollo," and his father "Neptune"¹ bore the name of Leoprepes, and was a man of high reputation for his knowledge of philosophy and for the uprightness of his life. Our father was a remarkable man, cultured and efficient in many directions, not only a poet but an artist, a philosopher and a man of science—such science as we had in those days. He was interested in astronomy and mathematics, and had theories as to the relation of the latter to music. He was a celebrated performer upon the seven-stringed lyre, and often improvised most effective accompaniments to his own poems. He was constantly away from home, often for years at a time, and after our mother's death he practically settled in Sicily, where he eventually died. We visited him there, and found him held in great honour and respect. Our mother² admired him immensely and

¹ These are character-names in the *Lives*.

² Hermin.

co-operated enthusiastically in his work ; indeed, he often said that he owed many of his best inspirations to her.

*LIST OF SOME OF THE WORKS OF
AGATHOCLES, CALLED KALAMIS*

One of the most important statues I notice is an Apollo in bronze, which must have been nearly fifty feet in height. It was executed for one of the cities on the Black Sea but was removed to Rome some centuries later. Another Apollo was perhaps even more celebrated, though only life-size ; it was erected in the Kerameikos, or potter's quarter, at Athens, and was popularly called Alexikakos (warding off evil), from some fancied power of warding off pestilence which was attributed to it. This statue was very largely copied by pupils, and I understand that a portion of one such copy is now in the British Museum, where it is called the Apollo of the Ōmphalos. It is however much injured, and it seems that various conjectural attempts at its restoration have been made—mostly inaccurate. Its left hand appears, if I am not mistaken, to have originally held an olive-branch, while the right, resting upon a tree-stump, held some kind of belt. Part of the original (which was infinitely superior to the copies) is, I am told, preserved at Athens.

A temple to Athena Nikē was erected at Olympia from the plans and under the supervision of our hero, and the statue of Athena which it contained was the work of his own hands. For some reason he chose to make it a copy in marble of a very ancient and sacred wooden image called the *ξόανον* (Xoanon) which was preserved at Athens. It was commonly called Nikē Apteros, and held in its left hand a helmet, and in its right a pomegranate. Another work which brought him much fame was a statue of Aphrodite (called the Sosandra) which was placed at the entrance of the Acropolis at Athens. The face of this figure was particularly charming. It was executed to the order of a rich man named Kallias, who offered it to the goddess in fulfilment of some vow connected (I think) with his marriage. His name appears, curiously written, at the head of an incomprehensible inscription on the base

KAW·ΑΣΗΙΠΠΙΟΝΙΚΟΑΝΕΘ

“Kallias son of Hipponikos makes a votive offering.”¹

¹ I well recall C. W. Leadbeater copying out this inscription. He could make nothing out of it, though he knew a little Greek when at school. At the time I was studying Greek for the London University Intermediate examination; but I had not studied Palæography, so this was above me. I could make nothing of the strange letter like W, which I found later is two “I”, *lambda*, written in archaic script, nor of the dot, nor that H was ever sounded as “h.” I took it to my professor, who was an ex-Fellow of St. Peter’s College, Cambridge. He read off instantly from the slip I gave him, and gave the meaning: *Καλλίας ἵππονίκος ἀνοθήσατο*, Kallias, son of Hipponikos, makes a votive offering.”—C.J.

In at least two cases Kalamis seems to have collaborated with other sculptors: once with the elder Praxiteles (grandfather of the better known artist of that name), the latter supplying the figure of the driver for a very elaborately carved bronze quadriga or chariot executed by Kalamis, and set up on the Acropolis in memory of the victory of the Athenians over Chalcis; and on another occasion with a man named Onatas, who received a commission for a bronze chariot-group at Olympia, a group which our hero completed by adding on each side a racehorse¹ with a naked boy as rider. These boys and horses are remarkably graceful and spirited, and altogether surpass the work of Onatas. Some other figures of boys in an attitude of prayer—also at Olympia—are very beautiful.

Another remarkable work of which some traces may still be found was a statue of Hermes erected at Tanagra, and popularly called Kriophoros, because the god is represented as bearing a ram upon his shoulders, the idea being perhaps suggested by an archaic and roughly-executed image in which the same deity is seen bearing a calf in similar fashion. This Hermes Kriophoros was very largely copied, numbers of small reproductions being made both in marble and (I think) terracotta or some similar

¹ These two horses were later brought to Venice and are now on the top of the Duomo or Cathedral.

substance ; also still smaller images in gold, silver, or ivory as amulets. I am told that a copy is to be found in the British Museum. It was also, if I am not mistaken, stamped upon the coins of the town of Tanagra, possibly this, if correct, could also be proved.

At the same town, Kalamis also executed a statue in marble of Dionysos or Bacchus. At Thebes, too, they had two of his works, colossal figures of Zeus Ammon and Herakles (the former commissioned by Pindar), both in his best style, and each remarkable for the wonderful success with which it expresses, the first, serene dignity and consciousness of power, the second, the easy self-confidence and joyousness of youth in perfect health and strength.

He seems to have been specially fond of sculpturing horses, and was always very successful with them ; he often represented his subjects as driving in chariots, and occasionally as riding. Among his less celebrated statues may be mentioned an Alkmene, a Hermione at Delphi, and an Asklepios (Aesculapius) in gold and ivory, holding a pine-cone in one hand, and a staff in the other ; also a gilded Athena standing on a bronze palm tree at Delphi, holding staff, attended by owl, erected to commemorate the victory over the Persians.

NOTE BY C. JINARĀJADĀSA

Written in 1894

Pausanias mentions that the chief temple to Bacchus at Tanagra contained a celebrated statue by Kalamis. The following is an extract from the Encyclopaedia Britannica: "*Calamis*, a celebrated Greek sculptor who flourished about 500 B.C. He was a contemporary of Phidias. He wrought in marble, in bronze, and in gold and ivory. Pliny speaks of his horses as unrivalled. He is noticed by Cicero and Quintilian, and many of his works are mentioned by Pausanias."

Note on above by C. W. Leadbeater. I do not think he could quite properly be spoken of as a *contemporary*. Certainly they were on earth at the same time, but Phidias was twenty or thirty years younger than Kalamis, and studied under him for sometime. Agathocles (or Kalamis) himself studied art under Antenor, having for his fellow students Nesiotes and Kritias among others; but none of these attained the fame of Kalamis. The latter seems to me to have held a peculiar and very important place in the history of Greek art, for it was he who first ventured to break through the stiff conventional methods of the archaic school. His work seems to me to show in this respect a very

marked improvement on that of his master Antenor, though it still bears obvious traces of the latter's influence. Still, to Agathocles belongs the honour of initiating that reform in sculpture which culminated so gloriously in the works of his successor Phidias. Praxias was also a successful pupil of Agathocles.

LIFE XVI

BAVARIA. 1503 A.D.—1522 A.D.

ONCE more before this present life you are born, this time on the banks of the Danube in the city of Ratisbon then called Regensburg in Bavaria, evidently attracted to earth life by your artistic instinct. Your father is an etcher and engraver, a pupil (probably) of Albert Dürer; his name is Albrecht Altdorfer, and you bear the same name. Your father is also a painter and architect, but makes a speciality of etching.

You watch your father at work at a very early age, and rapidly acquire artistic knowledge and skill, and by the age of fifteen are able to work upon his plates so well that your work is hardly to be distinguished from his; in fact plates attributed to Albrecht Altdorfer the elder may in reality be yours, as both signed with the same name. The work is very good and is thought a good deal of, for the reproductions of celebrated pictures is entrusted to your father; many are religious subjects. Engraving and etching now occupy most of your time, and

Albert Dürer's "Knight of Death" is reproduced by *you both*.

Your religious views are peculiar and in advance of the time, for while keeping to the general observances of the Church, you have unusual and unorthodox views, being somewhat more like those which were afterwards held by the Reformers. You believed in the interior development of man, the possibility of union with God, and that man is able to do all for himself. You have no faith in the efficacy of the Sacraments. There is a small body of people who hold these views, and you and your father have been much influenced by the teachings or works of a certain Johann Tauler.

• You are much disposed towards Mysticism, and are most eager to know or learn anything connected with Occultism; your imagination is fired by what you have heard of people like the Rosicrucians and always hope to meet with them. You are imaginative and subject to day-dreams. In 1520 A.D. you catch a fever; you recover from the severe illness, but about two years later an epidemic carries you off. Your Devachanic period is thus a short one, for in 1850 you reappear on the scene. Your aura in the last incarnation is practically much the same as it is now.

The names of Nicolas of Basel, Christina Margaretha Ebner, Heinrich Suso and Johann Tauler

are connected with the religious movement in which you and your father were interested.

Born 1503 A.D. }
Died 1522 A.D. } Length of life 19 years.

Period in Devachan 328 years.

THE LIVES OF SPICA
(FRANCESCA ARUNDALE)

LIFE OF FRANCESCA ARUNDALE

BY C. JINARAJADASA

FRANCESCA ARUNDALE has her special page in the annals of the Theosophical Society for three contributions of hers to the great Movement, (1) that she was, with her mother, the hostess both of H. P. B. and H. S. Olcott, (2) that she adopted from his birth George Sydney Arundale, the third President of The Theosophical Society, the third son of his mother, the youngest sister of Miss Arundale, who died at the child's birth, and to whom she gave her name and not that of his father, (3) that she was the founder of a small Theosophical School for Girls in Benares which is now the National Women's College. Miss Arundale's father was Francis Arundale, the Egyptian explorer and traveller in the East. He was the architect who built the Sultan's Palace in Constantinople and repaired the Mosque of Omar. Her mother was the daughter of Henry Pickersgill, the Royal Academician.

Miss Arundale has narrated in her short book of reminiscences, "*My Guest—H. P. Blavatsky*", how she and her mother were keenly attracted to Spiritualism and how through Spiritualism they came into Theosophy. She was the Secretary of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society in 1883. Her deep aspirational nature had already been noted by the Master K.H.; for in 1882, on a letter which Miss Arundale wrote on September 8 of that year to H.P.B. renewing her subscription to *The Theosophist*, H.P.B. found when she received it that there was a message at the bottom of the letter in blue handwriting and strongly underlined as follows :

A GOOD, EARNEST THEOSOPHIST, A MYSTIC
WHOSE CO-OPERATION OUGHT TO BE SECURED
THRO' YOU.

K. H.

I came in close contact with Miss Arundale as, when her adopted son George was to go to Cambridge, she offered me hospitality during term time in her home. It was this gracious act on her part which enabled me to meet part of my expenses in College for two years. She had always been drawn strongly to Indian philosophy, and was a devoted friend of Mohini M. Chatterjee, the distinguished Hindu Theosophist who did so much for Theosophy

in 1884 and 1885. When I began my studies in Sanskrit at Cambridge, Miss Arundale found that, though she was not enrolled in the University as a student, the professors of Sanskrit were quite willing that she should attend the regular courses. This she did, and followed eagerly all the lessons, except on the Rig Veda for which a knowledge of Greek was necessary. But she had not had in her youth more than the average schooling of a Victorian girl, and so did not progress rapidly, though she attended all the classes. I mention these studies of hers as illustrative of her profound attachment to Indian ways of thought especially in philosophy.

When Miss Arundale came out to India with her son, to help in the work of Dr. Annie Besant, and had to live in Indian surroundings, she found much difficulty in adapting herself to the simpler ways in spite of her deep attachment to Indian philosophy. Nevertheless she was profoundly sympathetic to all Indians, and was one of the prominent devoted Theosophists from the West who, when they came to India, had not the slightest feeling of colour prejudice. She was always equable in temperament, and ever sympathetic to all who came to her for help or instruction. The devotion and attachment which she showed to H. P. B. to the end, she showed to her next teacher Annie Besant to the end.

Nothing more reveals the inner nature of Miss Arundale than the letter of personal advice and instruction which she received in London in 1884 from the Master K. H.

LETTER OF THE MASTER K. H.

I HAVE followed your many thoughts. I have watched their silent evolution and the yearnings of your inner soul; and since your pledge permits me to do so¹ having a few things to tell you concerning yourself and those you love, I take the opportunity, one of the last there are to write to you directly, to say a few words. You know of course that once that H. P. B.'s aura in the house is exhausted you can have no more letters from me.

I want you to be acquainted with the situation as it now stands. Your loyalty to the cause entitles you to this.

First about your friend, Mrs. H. Poor child! By placing so constantly her personality over and above her inner and better Self—tho' she knows it not—she has done all she could for the last week to sever herself from us for ever. Yet so

¹ Miss Arundale, with others of the Inner Circle of the London Lodge, pledged herself in 1884 to "implicit confidence in the Mahatmas and their teachings, and unswerving obedience to their wishes in all matters connected with spiritual progress."

pure and genuine she is that I am ready to leave a chink in the door she slams unconsciously to herself in her own face, and await for the entire awakening of that honest nature whenever that time comes. She is without artifice or malice ; entirely truthful and sincere, yet at times quite false to herself. As she says, her ways are not *our* ways, nor can she comprehend them. Her personality coming in so strongly in her ideas of the fitness of things, she cannot certainly understand our acts on our plane of life. Tell her in all kindness, that if H.P.B. (as an example) was wrong last night—as she always is, from the Western point of view, in her everlasting natural impulses, apparently so rude and indelicate—she did it after all at her Master's direct order. She never stops one moment to consider the propriety of things when concerned in carrying out such orders. In the eyes of you, the civilised and cultured portion of mankind, it is the one unpardonable sin ; in our sight—*i.e.*, uncultured Asiatics—it is the greatest virtue ; for before it became with her a habit, she used to suffer in *her* Western nature and perform it as self-sacrifice of her personal reputation. But, if she was wrong, Mrs. H. was not right either. She allowed her womanly pride and personality—which were entirely out of question, at any rate out of H.P.B.'s

thoughts—to get mixed up and prime in a question of pure rules and discipline. Padshah and Mohini were more to be blamed than either of the two. You must remember that both have set themselves voluntarily apart from worldly society for a specific object; and to say nothing of the relative decency or indecency of any social custom of any country, there are rules of conduct controlling chelas which cannot be departed from in the slightest degree. I pray you, to use your influence with her, if you wish her good, to have her book published before the year 1885.¹ Tell her also, since she has cut herself away from me, that she will have in good time the help of the Adept who writes stories with H. P. B. Yet since *novelettes* interest her more than metaphysics she has no need for the present of Mohini's help. He is certainly more wanted in London.

Pray place the question at your first *Meeting* before the Council. He can be left in England only if the majority, or at any rate your Inner Circle, will express desire to have his services. Some arrangements will have to be made about him. He has thrown up his profession to serve the Cause and is dependent now upon the Parent

¹ *Man: Fragments of a Forgotten History*, by Two Chelas (Mohini M. Chatterjee and Laura C. Holloway). London, 1885.

Body, which is too poor, as you know, to keep him in London. However, his temporary guardian is H. S. O., and he can only be allowed to lay all the *pros* and *cons* before him and then leave him to make his own decision and fan his own karma. The Council will have to address themselves to Col. Olcott.

Having overheard your conversation with H. P. B. on the night of her arrival I may say that you are right. To your aged mother, who has trodden with you in many stony paths of belief and experience since your childhood, you owe a great duty. Not a blind and unjust obedience whose consequences may be most harmful to her as to yourself ; but a dutiful assiduity, and loving help to develop her spiritual intuitions and prepare her for the future. Many crosses and domestic sorrows have left their bleeding scars on her heart. She is unconsciously doing herself harm, great harm, by not curbing her temper. She draws to herself bad "astral" influences and creates a current so antagonistic to ours that we are often forced sorrowfully away. She and you have earned happy rewards for your kindness to our messengers, and Karma will not forget them. But *look to the future* ; see to it that the continual performance of duty under the guidance of a well-developed Intuition shall keep the balance well

poised. Ah ! if your eyes were opened, you might see such a vista of potential blessings to yourselves and mankind lying in the germ of the present hour's effort, as would fire with joy and zeal your souls ! Strive towards the Light, all of you brave warriors for the Truth, but do not let selfishness penetrate into your ranks ; for it is unselfishness alone that throws open all the doors and windows of the inner Tabernacle and leaves them unshut.

To you personally, child, struggling thro' darkness to the Light, I would say, that the Path is *never* closed ; but in proportion to one's previous errors so is it harder to find and to tread. In the eyes of the "Masters" no one is ever "utterly condemned". As the lost jewel may be recovered from the very depths of the tank's mud, so can the most abandoned snatch himself from the mire of sin, if only the precious Gem of Gems, the sparkling germ of the Atma, is developed. Each of us must do *that* for himself, each *can* if he but will and persevere. Good resolutions are mind-painted pictures of good *deeds* : fancies, day-dreams, whisperings 'of the *Buddhi* to the *Manas*. If we encourage them they will not fade away like the dissolving mirage in the Shamo desert, but grow stronger and stronger until one's whole life becomes the expression and outward proof of the divine motive within. Your acts in the past have been

the natural fruit of an unworthy religious ideal, the result of ignorant misconception. They cannot be obliterated, for they are indelibly stamped upon the record of Karma, and neither tears nor repentance can blot the page. But you have the power to more than redeem and balance them by future acts. Around you are acquaintances, friends and associates—in, and outside, the T.S.—who have committed the same and even more grievous faults, thro' the same ignorance. Show them the dreadful consequences of it, point them to the Light, lead them to the Path, teach them, be a missionary of love and charity, thus in helping others win your own salvation. There are innumerable pages of your life record still to be written up, fair and blank they are as yet. Child of your race and of your age, seize the diamond pen and inscribe them with the history of noble deeds, days well-spent, years of holy striving. So will you win your way ever upward to the higher planes of spiritual consciousness. Fear not, faint not, be faithful to the ideal you can now dimly see. You have much to unlearn. The narrow prejudices of your people bind you more than you suspect. They make you intolerant, as last night, of the petty offences of others against your artificial standards of propriety, and disposed to lose sight of essentials. You are not

yet able to appreciate the difference between inner purity and "outer *culture*". Were the "Masters" to judge *you* by your own social canons, where would you stand? The very Society whose hypocritical rules of propriety you stand for so vehemently, is a festering mass of brutishness within a shell of decency. From their ignorant and malevolent intolerance you appeal to us, because your intuition tells you that they will not accord you justice. Learn, then, to look at men below the surface and to neither condemn nor trust on appearances. Try, child. *Hope*, and accept my blessing.

K. H.

Miss Francesca Arundale passed away in 1924. It can be said of her that from 1884 onwards, when she received the above letter, what the Master hoped for her was fulfilled by her brilliantly and nobly :

"There are innumerable pages of your life-record still to be written up, fair and blank they are as yet. Child of your race and of your age, seize the diamond pen and inscribe them with the history of noble deeds, days well-spent, years of holy striving."

SPICA—LAST 16 LIVES

| Date of Birth | Place of Birth | Race and Subrace | Sex |
|---------------|----------------|------------------|-----|
| *24,700 | Mexico | IV. 3 | F |
| 12,085 | Peru | „ 3 | F |
| 10,800 | China | „ 4 | M |
| *9,672 | Africa | „ 5 | M |
| *8,235 | Etruria | „ 6 | M |
| *7,825 | India | V. 1 | M |
| *6,307 | India | „ 1 | M |
| *5,635 | India | „ 1 | M |
| 4,058 | India | „ 1 | M |
| *3,059 | India | „ 1 | M |
| 2,150 | Egypt | „ 2 | M |
| 500 | Persia | „ 3 | F |
| †350 A.D. | Egypt | „ 4 | F |
| 825 „ | England | „ 5 | F |
| 1,278 „ | India | „ 1 | F |
| 18— „ | England | „ 5 | F |

The dates marked with * an asterisk are not the dates of Spica, but of Alcyone, in whose life-charts Spica appears; that marked with a † is from the life-chart of Herakles in Alexandria.

LIFE I

MEXICO. FEMALE. 24,700 B.C.

THE first record we have of Miss F. Arundale's lives consists of a vision seen by herself (about the year 1895), and thus recorded by her :

“ She saw a large building, larger than the Colosseum at Rome, with tiers of seats leading up from the arena. In the centre of the arena stood a small Pyramid, on the top of which was a temple. It seemed to her that thousands of people were in this arena, and that she also was there with her son Fides, a small boy, by her side. She was trying her utmost to prevent him leaving her. In front of the Pyramid Temple stood a priest dressed in some kind of loose drapery, who appeared to be either speaking or chanting and using mesmeric influence on the people. Miss Arundale was earnestly endeavouring to resist this influence and especially to protect Fides from it.

“ No further details of this life are known, except that she did to some extent succumb to this influence, and Fides also received some terrible psychic shock in this life ”.

The real significance of this dream was discovered only after 1911, when the investigations into the past lives of Alcyone were carried back, beyond the initial life described in *The Theosophist*, April 1910, whose date is 22,662 B.C. Alcyone was in incarnation in Mexico in 24,700 B.C. The ruler of the country was Mars, and Spica was one of his daughters. In the seventeenth life of Alcyone the parts relevant to this dream of Spica are as follows.¹

“A younger daughter of the King was Spica, who had married Alces, and had seven children. Of these her favourite was Fides, who was at that time about eleven years of age. On one of the greatest religious festivals she took him with her to the principal temple, where many thousands of people were gathered to join in the celebrations. She found herself in the arena of the vast amphitheatre, near the foot of the central pyramid. She had just been joining in a mighty chant or song invoking their deity—a most impressive and magnetic performance when so many thousands of voices took part in it—when the chief priest Scorpio came out of the inner shrine and stood in front of its door gazing sternly upon the crowd. Spica was acutely conscious that he was pouring out the much-dreaded mesmeric influence, and she soon felt that his eye was resting especially upon

¹ *The Lives of Alcyone*, pp. 231-239.

her and that he was using all his arts to induce her to come up the steps and offer her son to him as a servant of the temple. Knowing full well what his fate in that case would be, she called up all her reserve of will-power, and resisted with all her strength, clasping the boy to her side in the earnestness of her endeavour to protect him. Her will, however, was far less trained than that of Scorpio, and in spite of her superhuman efforts, she presently found herself moving towards him up the steps, drawing with her the frightened yet fascinated boy.

“ ‘ You wish to offer this boy to us for the service of the high gods ? ’ , inquired Scorpio.

“ Spica felt herself forced to mutter some indistinct acquiescence, and Scorpio, with a triumphant leer of lust and cruelty, solemnly accepted the gift in the name of his deities, took Fides by the hand and led him into the shrine, while Spica rushed blindly down the steps and forced her way somehow through the crowd. As soon as she was out of the immediate influence of Scorpio she realised fully the horror of what she had done ; but, though full of grief and despair, she knew well that it was useless for her to return, for under the gaze of those evil eyes she would be able to say nothing. For some time she wandered in the park outside the great amphitheatre,

heart-broken and scarcely able to think ; but at last she made up her mind to seek her father the King and lay the case before him and beg for his intervention."

The story proceeds to describe how Fides was discovered by the King's officers led by Sirius, hidden away by the priests, and evidently half obsessed hypnotically by the evil power of Scorpio. Then ensues a dramatic action on the part of the King ; he banishes all the priests of the evil cult, declares himself the high priest of a reformed worship, and ordains his own sons as priests. The tale continues :

"In the midst of all this general rejoicing Spica's heart was full of sorrow, for though indeed her son had been rescued from the power of Scorpio, his mind was clouded and the evil influence was still strong upon him. She heard from one of those who had been monks, who was therefore acquainted with the nefarious mesmeric powers of Scorpio, that one who had once come under his control could never break away from it again, but must inevitably pass through the various stages of degradaticn which ended in vampirism."

Alyone, a woman in this life, who had under the invisible influence of the Great Teacher, Sūrya, inspired the reform, attempts to free Fides from the evil spell.

“So she turned upon her shrinking nephew, and raised her hands in the air above his head, and cried aloud: ‘In the Name of the Great Father of all, let this curse depart from thee!’

“The boy uttered a terrible cry and fell to the ground as one dead. He lay in a trance of unconsciousness for many days, but at last he did not die, and after a long while consciousness returned to him, and he called faintly for his mother. Weak and ill he was indeed, yet she knew that she had her son back again from the dead, for now he knew her and clung to her as of old. Presently he slowly recovered, yet the shock had been so terrible that all through his life he remained nervous and easily disturbed. Indeed, for many lives and through thousands of years something of the effect of that terrible psychic convulsion was still to be seen. For the evil High Priest had seized upon the very soul of him, and had made for it a link with that whose name must not be spoken. And the breaking of such a link is a feat which but few can accomplish, yet in this case it has been done by the power and love of Alcyone—and of Sūrya who worked through her, though not then in physical incarnation”.

LIFE II

PERU. FEMALE. 12,085—12,013 B.C.

THE scene is laid in Cuzco in Peru. The people belong to the great Red subrace, the 3rd subrace of the Atlanteans called by us Toltec, and by themselves "Children of the Sun".

In this country the people are divided practically into two classes: a lower, subject class, and an upper ruling class. The latter are fairer in complexion and more intellectual. They seem to be later arrivals in the country than the much more numerous commonalty, and to have brought with them a higher civilisation. The upper classes are all engaged in the work of government and regard themselves as the fathers of the people, whose duty is to think for and care for their children.

The government is an absolute one, the then reigning Inca being he who is now Mahatma M. though at that time he seems not yet to have entered the Path. The priesthood are really the educators and instructors of the people, and the

head of the educational department of the priesthood at this time was he who is now Mahatma K. H., then too not yet entered on the Path.

Spica was born of rich and influential parents in 12,085 B.C. and was well educated. Gold and silver jewels are everywhere in profusion. Erato, then in a female incarnation, was her sister, while Melete, then a man and governor of a Province, eventually married Erato. (*Note.* It is a favoured locality as to climate and position. The people are simple and contented, there is no crime, nor poverty, and all are well fed and clothed. The clothes are artistic and of beautiful colours. The food is mostly fruit and cakes of something very like wheat.)

Spica at about eighteen or nineteen married a high official, Sirius. His duties were those of an Inspector, and accompanied by his wife he travelled about to different parts of the Province, collecting returns of various kinds of information. Travelling is sometimes difficult and was mostly done by riding an animal called the guanaco, something between an ox and a llama. Spica was greatly devoted to her husband. They had five children and adopted a sixth, an orphan belonging to the lower class, as seems to have been always done when children were thus left unprotected.

The eldest son was Pollux; the second Vega; the third Castor; the fourth Fides (adopted); the fifth

child was a daughter Alces ; the sixth also a daughter Myna.

All the members of the ruling class are curiously interrelated, caste-fashion, among themselves and to the Inca, as they have always married among themselves.

While receiving his education at a temple, Castor meets and makes friends with a fellow-pupil, Rhea then a man. Ulysses was a Doctor of Agriculture, and teacher of Castor. The former is preparing himself for official life, the latter for the educational life of the priesthood.

Rhea's younger sister is identified as Amal, while their father Calyx was the brother of Sirius's mother in that life. The father of Sirius is Uranus, who was later Cleinias in Greece (now the Master Djual Khool).

There seems to have been practically no Occultism, *i.e.*, no *secret* teaching here at this time. The priests had books which they studied and discussed very deeply among themselves, but there was no special secrecy attaching to them or to any of the religious teaching. They are vague as to religion ; there are no high spiritual ideas, but they believe that all comes from the Sun. Karma is understood and a future life is believed in, and a final absorption into the Spirit of the Sun.

The land tenure was a complicated system. All the land belong to the Inca, who gave it to the

people, reserving a small part for himself in each estate. Out of each estate about a sixth was set aside as a sort of insurance fund for all sick, aged and helpless persons. Two-sixths or one-third then belonged to the cultivators, who held from the owner to whom the Inca had granted the estate. The next third belonged to the owner himself, and the remainder, *viz.*, one-sixth, was divided between a temple fund and the Inca. The work on the estate and the water-supply (irrigation being much used) were supplied to the various portions in the order named.

The bulk of the people were agriculturists, but there was a considerable body of merchants, traders, artisans and so forth. These middle classes seem to have looked after themselves very much, being very little interfered with by the ruling class, who were more occupied and concerned with the agricultural class, and also in gentle efforts to promote by advice, persuasion and instruction the spread of civilization among the comparatively wild and barbarous tribes on the outskirts of the country.

To return to our group. One of the Inca's sons is seen calling on Spica and her husband. He is identified as Siwa. After completing his education, Castor marries a wife who has been identified as Herakles in the present life; she came of a family of rather high status, being a shade more nearly

related to the royal family than those already mentioned. Her mother Tolosa has been seen on other planes in this life as a man who has made very considerable progress on the Path. (He has just come into incarnation again on October 9, 1895.) Her father was Pindar and she had two sisters, Adrona and Cetus, and a brother. Herakles and Castor had two sons, Vajra and Aurora.

The elder son, Vajra, was H.P.B. Compared to other children of that race, he is a dreadfully erratic and volcanic creature and always "wanting to know why." He is an amazing boy, stopping out all night on the hills and performing all sorts of wild and daring feats, for no reason at all, and keeping his parents in a regular fever of anxiety all the time. His mother Herakles is chiefly remarkable for an intensely clinging and loving nature; and so though he loves her dearly, this son of hers causes her a great deal of distress. He has a curious hunting instinct in him, at variance with the characteristics of his race, which leads him to be always trying to catch wild creatures, not in order to hurt them, but for the pleasure of the chase. The people in general were then given to living in peace with all wild creatures, and to seek rather to attract and tame them than to catch them.

Still he sometimes performed very good actions. Thus on one of his wanderings among the mountains

he saved the life of a little peasant girl, by plunging into a rapid river, whence he rescued her at the imminent risk of being swept over the falls on to the rocks hundreds of feet below. In fact he only just managed to do it; but then he insisted on taking the child to her home. He carried her, still insensible, all the way down to his own home, where he delivered her over to his somewhat consternated father.

The doctor is sent for and comes; he is an old man, Aries, identified in the present life as William Crookes. With some difficulty he revived the child, but the boy (H. P. B.) had strained himself inwardly, and was laid up for some time, prolonging his recovery very much by his constant restlessness. At last the priest of the neighbouring temple (Mercury) was called in; he talked very seriously to the lad, and putting his hand on the boy's head, threw him into a trance, in which he lay for a whole week. On the doctor's eventually pronouncing him to be better, he was allowed to get up, but he had to wear a curved piece of wood as a support to the groin. To this he vehemently objected.

Another of his escapades is worth recording. The younger son of Castor and Herakles was Aurora, at this time a mere child, and not being very well one day, his elder brother (H. P. B.) thought he would be the better for a hot bath. He accordingly placed

the child in a pan of water on the fire, which he was rapidly bringing to boiling point, when happily the state of affairs was discovered and the infant rescued from his tender mercies.

When he was about twenty, he started on a wandering expedition among the less civilized tribes to the north. Living among them for years he eventually became a sort of chief. He married a girl of the tribe. He made use of the local medicine men to strengthen his position, but had evidently no belief in them or their magic. He did good work in the tribe, but was much given to trying erratic experiments of all kind.

To return to Spica and her husband. A great famine came on the land and they both worked very hard, in fact beyond their strength, to relieve the sufferings of the people. The famine was followed by an earthquake, and again they toiled night and day attending to those injured by its effects, till at last both utterly collapsed from overwork, the husband dying first and the wife a short time later.

Rhea is a man. He studies political economy with the object of governing well. His chief occupation was agricultural chemistry. He tried to find out what would grow best in certain soils with a view to improvements for the people. He had ideas of his own and invented a manure. He was very affectionate but proud, and possessed a temper

which sometimes caused his unfortunate wife Zama to suffer. A younger sister of Rhea was Amal. He had a fairly long Devachan. He thought more of his children than of his wife, and seemed to regard them as grown up.

There were black magicians. The temples were like Buddhist temples¹, and the offerings were of fruits and flowers. The priests chanted on certain occasions. There was a big festival connected with the movement of the Sun. Young women came in procession with garlands; they distributed cakes marked with a cross and the image of the Sun. There was also a drink composed of a mixture of red-coloured liquid and a sweet liquid, which was only taken at this festival.

¹ *i.e.*, the inner shrine was open to sunlight and air.

LIFE III

CHINA. MALE. 10,800 B.C.

THE individuality whom we shall continue to call Spica has now assumed a male body. He is born in China among a people who many centuries before had migrated from Assyria. They are surrounded with iron customs, but the life is civilized, not exactly nomadic. There is not a settled empire, but they do acknowledge a king. The small town in which he is born and brought up lies near the present frontier of China and Tibet. The religion of the country is a sort of nature-worship and a belief in nature-spirits who have to be propitiated; there seem to be no good spirits.

Spica has a playmate in youth, a boy with whom in later years he became great friends, but in one of their childish quarrels this boy pushed him over a cliff; the fall however was not serious and no evil results ensued except a temporary coldness between the families. The boy is identified in the present life as Rhea.

Years after when this body has grown to manhood, and on his return from a great fighting and marauding expedition in the south-west, Spica accompanies him, with his wife and children as well as his old father, on a long pilgrimage. The ancient and half-ruined temple and shrine which is the object of their journey lies in China about 1,000 miles from the frontier.

Spica and his friend are so much attracted by the chief priest of the temple, who is Herakles, that when the rest of the pilgrim party return to their homes they remain behind, settling in the town just outside the monastery gates. The chief priest, Herakles, has the reputation of being a holy man. He has great calm and repose about him; he has not much occult science, but rather intuition. He is aware that evil spirits can do him no harm, and he has the idea that he can do something for the people. The pilgrims first saw him when he was about to give a benediction to the people, and were much struck with him, and went in to pay their respects to him.

So they remain for a very long time, growing quite old men, and becoming greatly attached to the old priest and liking to listen to his addresses to the people.

Spica was married in this life and had children, among them a stout, solemn, slow-moving son who has been identified as Sirona.

LIVES IV—VI

THESE lives have not been recorded, except that Spica was in all of them a man.

LIFE VII

INDIA. MALE. 6307 B.C.

SPICA'S next birth is in India. He was the son of a Rajah reigning in the neighbourhood of Benares. Rhea his sister was married to a Rajah in Orissa.

Spica early became an ascetic, and lived apart from the haunts of men. He eventually became a very repellent object with long matted hair and filthy skin. The palms of his hands were all eaten away by self-inflicted injuries. In fact he was a Yogi of the typical sort.

Years after, however, he is visited by his sister, the Orissa Rani, who induces him to listen to the talk of an intelligent and stately Brahmin, Herakles. The philosophical advice he then gets convinces him that the Hatha Yoga methods he has been following are not the best and will not lead to the results expected. He consequently abandons this mode of life and returns to the world.

LIFE VIII

INDIA. MALE. 5635 B.C.

THERE is no record of this life, except that Spica was again a man.

LIFE IX

INDIA. MALE. 4058 B.C.

ANANTACHARYA was Spica's name in this life. He was the son of a Brahmin who lived somewhat to the south of Delhi. As a child he was instructed in the usual studies along with other children of good birth. The children often brought presents to the teacher—offerings of leaves and nuts. They were dressed in brightly coloured robes, and were very respectful. Spica went through the ceremony of putting on the sacred thread. An old man twisted the thread, which was composed of three strands coloured red, blue and white. Spica spent his youth in learning the Vedas and metrical rules of grammar, being much tied down by ceremonial observances.

His mother Sirona was an active and kind old lady.

At about twenty-two he married a girl of eighteen ; her skin is of a golden colour and she has been identified as Fides. There is a sort of raised seat with a cushion worked in gold, and a sort of table round which the bride and bridegroom walk hand in

hand, and there is red-stained rice. He lived very happily with his wife, who was much interested in metaphysical questions. They had two children, a boy and a girl. The house where he lived was his father's and there was a very large household. Men and women mingled together, free from restriction, and there was no family jarring. They were all very respectful to the old father, but the life was a little cramped because there were so many religious ceremonies. Before the children grew up his wife died. He then made up his mind to adopt an ascetic life, leaving his children in the care of a younger brother.

After having wandered from town to town and made a pilgrimage to Somnath in Kathiawar, he settled in a cave among the hills and took up the study of the Vedanta philosophy. Many years were thus spent before his lonely life was invaded by the arrival of a Rajput, Erato, who had also assumed the mendicant's robe. (See Life of Erato, No. 12) This Dhritarashtra was sadly in need of help and consolation, and Anantacharya gave him both, along with the shelter of his cave. He continued to teach philosophy to the Rajput and for years they studied together in a cave.

Anantacharya had no special knowledge of the Occult Path, his aim being the attainment of "Moksha," but he was in dead earnest about that.

He was rather narrow in some ways, and saw things too exclusively from his own point of view. He had a great feeling for law and order, but was rather too unbending. He performed all ceremonies in a very particular way and was likely to be severe on those who were lax.

He made some advance in this life and produced a considerable change in his aura. His Devachan consisted in exalted states of meditation, unsurrounded by wife or friends.

LIFE X

THERE is no record of this life, except that Spica is again a man.

LIFE XI

EGYPT. MALE. 2150 B.C.

SPICA was next born in Egypt ; his father, who was a Semite, was Vajra ; his mother, who was an Egyptian, was Alces.

Being very anxious as a boy to enter the temple service, he was placed in one at about the age of fourteen. It was a grand temple. An avenue of sphinxes led to the entrance, and beyond that lay corridors and courtyards. The boy was eager for knowledge, and questions and problems about the Gods were continually presenting themselves to his mind, and he seemed to have a conception that they were but the representations of a unity that lay behind them.

For years he continued to perform the ordinary duties of the temple, one of which consisted in reading to an old priest. He liked to study and was anxious to learn, but he had too much confidence in his own powers, and was apt to become critical and discontented with his teachers. He was also very ambitious.

He was admitted as a regular priest at the age of twenty one, and for many years he continued to fulfil his general duties satisfactorily. He was fairly free from sensual desires, but he had a most undue scorn for those who possessed them. (Note the Karma of the following life.)

He had presently a splendid opportunity of getting on the Occult Path, for the chief priest of the temple, of whom he was a great favourite, was connected with a Lodge of Initiates, and regularly attended its meetings. Having obtained some inkling of this fact, he plied the chief priest with questions which of course he refused to answer. The refusal was taken in bad part, and the foolish idea that the chief priest was jealous of him began to make him disobedient and rebellious. Up to this time he had formed no special friendship with any of his brother priests, but now he became intimate with one of the older priests who fostered in him the tendency to vanity.

Having obtained access to documents belonging to the high priest, he discovered that a meeting of the Occult Lodge was to be held soon after, at a certain place at some distance from the temple. This suggested the thought that he might secretly obtain entrance to the meeting. But the high priest discovered his treachery, and extracted from him a promise that he would take no advantage of

the knowledge he had gained, or attempt to attend the meeting. The promise was sealed by an oath by his devotion to his sacred duty. The high priest warned him of the consequences should he break that vow.

Although impressed at the time and momentarily repentant, his curiosity eventually obtained the upper hand, and he determined to try and secrete himself at the meeting place, where there was to be an Initiation, in spite of previous warnings that there would be guardians to prevent his entrance.

The evening came and he saw the high priest start. He followed him, at first at a distance, but taking a short cut, managed to arrive first at the meeting point. Seeing someone enter a tunnel, he followed, but he soon found himself brought to a standstill by what seemed to him a shock of paralysis.¹ Unable to move an inch, he stood like a statue, fully conscious and terribly frightened. The high priest arrived presently, and was deeply grieved to see him standing there. Others also arrived and he was carried out. Passes were made over him, and at length he lost his rigidity. All that night he wandered about the country, but returned to the temple in the morning.

¹ The work of the elemental guardians, to whom Spica could not give the pass word and sign.

He remained in the temple, but became more selfish, and his pride was not satisfied. On the high priest's death he seems to have expected to be appointed to that office, and this not being the case he entered into all kinds of plots and conspiracies.

One of these plots, which was to oust the new high priest from his office, was at last discovered; the calling in of the civil authority being imminent, he put an end to his life with poison. He was then about 50 years old.

He had a bad time in Kama Loka. Curiously he was able to look back and regret the first mistake. He went on for a very long period there, and his Devachan consisted in the delight of his earlier aspirations and in always seeming to be acquiring fresh knowledge.

LIFE XII

PERSIA. FEMALE. 500 B.C.

It will be noticed that there is a change of sex. Spica was born in Persia in a highly respectable family. Her father was a clever artificer at his work, which was that of making sword blades and armour. Her mother was an ordinary person, very proud of her husband. She thought most of herself; after the day's household work was over, she spent much time dressing herself and arranging her hair. Spica was a comely child with black hair and a white skin, disposed to be vain and annoyed if others were more praised than herself. The child appears to have been taught in a sort of school, but the children did not learn much but reading, writing, and spinning. She was good-natured on the whole, but irritable and captious on occasion.

Her first meeting with the priest who had so marked and evil an influence in this life took place when she was about fourteen. He came to her father's shop for iron work for the temple doors,

The girl was present and he was attracted by her, and saw that she would be useful for his purposes ; so a year later he proposed to admit her among the virgins of the Temple.

This was considered a great honour, as the virgins were few in number, and mostly of noble birth, so her father and mother gladly agreed. She had no objection, it pleased her vanity.

The priest frequently mesmerised her, and self-hypnotisation was also practised, and she came to have strange symbolical visions. By means of her liberated soul, the priest learned much that he was too corrupt and sensual to see for himself, and he acquired considerable reputation as a prophet and magician by the use of her clairvoyant faculties.

Much that was very undesirable went on among the temple virgins. She did not realize it at first but her morals became insensibly corrupted.

The priest meantime was strongly attracted by the young girl's physical beauty. For a year or more he restrained himself by the knowledge that her efficiency for his purpose depended upon her purity. But there came a time when even this consideration was forgotten, and their relationship entered upon an entirely new phase.

Her feeling towards him was curiously mixed. In spite of his being about twice her age, she felt attracted, and yet at times experienced repulsion and

deep distrust. The other girls of the temple in the meantime became jealous.

In consequence of the new relation between them certain phases of clairvoyance became impossible, as evil and impure influences gathered round her.

In order to maintain the priest's reputation, a regular system of deceit was established, and clairvoyant visions, which never took place, were published as true. One of these at last led to the exposure of the plot, and the priest, to save his own reputation, contrived to represent himself as deceived and imposed upon by the unfortunate girl, while her accusations of the priest were not listened to. She was cast out of the temple.

She flew to her parents, but they shut the door upon her, and so, at the age of eighteen, she was thrown on the world with the reputation of a dishonoured temple maiden.

She took refuge in a low part of the town with people of very doubtful character, but falling ill of a terribly infectious disease (smallpox), was once more cast out by them. She would have died, if it had not been for an old woman who still had some pity left. When she recovered, she was totally disfigured and had lost her sight. And so the beautiful temple virgin became a disfigured, blind beggar. The old woman who saved her life was a beggar too, and took her out when she became

strong enough to her own haunts. In saving the girl's life, she had become attached to her in a rough way.

For many years she lived a life of terrible privation and suffering, but she found a friend in the person of an old man—a blind beggar like herself—who had arrived at a real conviction that all the evil that happens to men is the result of their own ill-doing. He taught her what he knew, and at length her angry impatience at her lot subsided, and she began to try to do to others the good which the old man had done to her. The two blind beggars both died long before she did. Despite much suffering and illness, for the disease had left complications behind and much discomfort and privation, her life became one of active kindness to others. She attained a kind of recognized position amongst them as she grew old. She was addressed by them as "Mother", and consulted in all matters where advice was required. She lived for many years a life of patient resignation and died at a great age (70 or 80).

She had a short Kama Loka and a long Devachan.

LIFE XIII

THERE is no record of this life, except that Spica is again a woman.

LIFE XIV

ENGLAND. FEMALE. 825 A.D.

SPICA was born on the east coast of England somewhere in the neighbourhood of the modern Ramsgate. She belonged to a family of good birth and went by the name of Edith.

At about the age of sixteen, she was carried off by a neighbouring chieftain, to her great indignation, and shut up in his castle. Some female relative seemed to connive at the abduction. She was carried someway on horseback over very rough country.

But a little while after, arrangements were made with this chieftain by which she was restored to her family, and it was then decided that she should be sent to a convent, at which she was still more furious.

She seems to have passed many years in seclusion.

LIFE XV

INDIA. FEMALE. 1278 A.D.

SPICA was next born at Dorasamudra now called Halebid. Her family belonged to the Baltala branch of the Yadava tribe.

She was well and carefully brought up and received religious instruction from an old priest, a friend of the family, who also taught her to repeat Sanskrit shlokas. Some were from the *Bhagavad Gita*.

There was a large stone temple to Shiva specially celebrated because of its polished stone. It still exists, and contains elaborate and good sculptures. To the south is a town called Hassan. The child was very happy, and constantly singing religious verses. She was very gentle and religious.

When she grew up she was married to a chieftain named Ramaçandra who took her back to his home at Ranthambor. It was a great fortress and key to the country behind it. They lived very happily for a few years and had two children.

But on war breaking out, her husband's castle was captured by the conqueror Alauddin who, four years before had murdered Jalaluddin and had sacked Somnath. Her husband and one of their children were killed (the other had been sent away), and she committed suicide to avoid being taken prisoner and dishonoured at the hands of the conqueror. This was in the year 1300 A.D.

A DREAM

The following dream, written down by Miss Arundale, may refer to the Egyptian life, and possibly also to the one following.

Tuesday, May 7th, 1903 written at once on waking.

I have just had a most remarkable dream so clear and vivid that I hasten to put down all the details. I seemed to be in a room something like 55 Clarendon Road. I was with others and my mother was there and George and a good many people. We were in this room and looking at a side of the wall. It began to move slowly forwards and downwards as if it was on a hinge and I remembered the feeling of expecting a great crash and dust and noise, and

the astonishment I felt that there was nothing of the kind but that as the wall descended to the ground it simply seemed to vanish. There was then revealed to my astonishment, and I experienced a great feeling of astonishment, a long passage the walls of which I particularly noticed were white and there seemed to be something like steps. My attention was attracted at once by the appearance of an oldish man in long loose robes something like an Egyptian or Hindu priest. He had a full face, rather dark complexion, dark eyes and a short dark beard. His face was kind and gentle. He advanced towards me holding out something in his hands which I took from him, and which seemed to be a bust about the size of life; and I realized all in a flash that it was my own self in a former birth, and I noticed with an unpleasant feeling the contemptuous and disdainful expression on the face, and felt that I had been very proud when I was that personality. I knew that the thing was myself in a previous incarnation, and it was not of stone or marble although I took it in my hands, but it seemed alive and I could draw it if I were an artist.

A small head with a pretty face but proud and cruel lips and mocking eyes. It was not an Egyptian type at all but I could not say what nationality it was. Then all sorts of things seemed to be

handed to me through the passage. There was a metal mirror and many other things the remembrance of which is even now fading, although I seemed to remember each thing at the time. Some date also was impressed upon me—1833—which is all I can remember although I have the feeling that the 18 is wrong. The date seemed connected with the metal mirror. Many other things were given me and I have the impression that I went through a kind of museum of past lives connected with myself.

